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Kwame Nkrumah's New Struggle

"The success or failure of our efforts to make Ghana a prosperous and happy state will extend far beyond the frontiers of Ghana itself. Failure on our part would have tragic consequences for other African territories striving for independence." These words from Kwame Nkrumah's midnight speech at the birth of Ghana are more relevant to sober reality than most of the gushing and self-congratulatory outpourings of the British establishment. With independence, the real struggle begins—to construct a modern society which can command the respect of all its citizens and serve as a universal signpost for emergent Africa. It may well prove tougher than the battle for political independence which has ended in this week's triumph. For the economic development and the social pattern of Ghana have to be constructed without the unifying cement of anti-colonial emotion. So far Nkrumah has maintained his leadership because he has been the unchallengeable symbol of liberation: in a colony which has reached the last phase of the battle for independence it is naturally easier for the public to believe that the opposition is betraying the cause of freedom than that the successful leader might be fallible.

There is no reason to think that Nkrumah is under any such illusion. Until independence was actually achieved he could reasonably argue that all other considerations must be subordinate to this one great objective; and, if there was a certain amount of corruption, even gangsterism, among his followers in the C.P.P.—well, do not revolutionary situations (even bloodless ones) always involve rough-and-ready methods? However justifiable such rationalisations may have been during the struggle for liberation, they have no validity now. From this week on, the objective in Ghana must be good government, not self-government; and all Nkrumah's recent utterances suggest that he accepts this new challenge.

Inevitably in his moment of victory his friends in Britain place particular emphasis on the inheritance which Ghana derives from British rule—parliamentary government, an independent judiciary and a relatively wealthy economy. These are indeed assets which must ease the birth pangs of the new state. But just as Nkrumah can no longer stimulate political unity by crude anti-colonial propaganda, so it is equally true that Ghana is unlikely to succeed—at least as a pattern for the rest of Africa—if it seeks to live only on its inheritance from Britain. For all the comparative prosperity which the people of Ghana inherit from British rule, their development has inevitably been guided towards colonial rather than indigenous interests; and despite the magnificent conception of the Volta River scheme, Ghana is still dependent on a single-crop economy. For all our lessons in democracy, many of its citizens are still brought up in a tribal, fetishist society, ill-fitted to the needs of a modern state.

Here, indeed, may lie Nkrumah's greatest problem, and here certainly lies the most dubious asset he has inherited from Britain. For Britain's alternative to the tribal system was the detribalised commercial community of the coastal plain. True, it is in this area that the mechanism of parliamentary democracy has grown and that the battle for political freedom has been won. Yet the people of Ashanti, who resisted so bravely British annexation, are deeply contemptuous of the rootless society which the British rulers substituted for the archaic tribalism they found. When Nkrumah has succeeded, as we believe he will, in demonstrating both the soundness of the new constitution and his own fitness as the leader of a nation, he will be left with the far more complex long-term problem of devising democratic institutions, which need not copy ours, but which must attract the support of those Africans who, though anxious for advancement, are still tribalised and watch with apprehension the sociological defects of society in Accra.

The achievement of this objective can be the greatest unifying factor for Africans both in Ghana and in Africa as a whole. Inside Ghana, Nkrumah will always be remembered as the leader of the freedom fight: if he can now succeed in making African democracy a working reality, his name will figure largely in the history books all the world over.

Comments on the Week's News

Kenya Votes

This week the first African elections to the Legislative Council in the history of Kenya are being held in eight constituencies. The African electorate is 126,508, only about a quarter of the estimated number eligible to register. It is thus clear that there is widespread apathy about voting rights amongst the African population, some fear of registration being used for taxation purposes, and a tremendous task of political education to be undertaken by these first African elected members. The most interesting contests are in Nairobi, Central, and Central Nyanza. In Nairobi, which must have the highest percentage of educated Africans, only 2,348 voters have registered, though many of the African population have opted to vote in their villages. In this constituency the two leading African nationalists, Tom Mboya and Gem Argwings Khodhek, are fighting each other, as well as the previous nominated member, Muchohi Gikonyo. The two former candidates agree on the general line of nationalism, including such things as abolishing discrimination in land, schools, hospitals, residence, and in bringing the Lyttelton Constitution to an end. Their battle is, therefore, mainly personal. In the Central constituency Eliud Mathu, the most outstanding Kenyan African politician, is defending his seat against four other candidates. Mathu is feared by Europeans more than any other African, and has been deliberately excluded from the high office he should have been offered. Nevertheless, he will have a tough fight to retain his seat, for in this constituency nearly 50 per cent. of the registered voters come from the Meru tribe, and he is a Kikuyu. Indeed, it has been widely rumoured that the administration has deliberately encouraged the Meru to register in order to keep Mathu out of the Council. Central Nyanza will show whether Benaiah Ohanga, the first and only African Minister, can resist his opponents' efforts to smear him as a government stooge. The main African problem arising from this election will be to resist the tendency to vote according to tribal affiliations and replace this with political beliefs.

A Lost Opportunity

The failure of the Socialist International at its Bureau meeting last Friday to give a lead on Italian Socialist unity was a tragic loss of opportunity. The ostensible reason for postponing a decision was the inability of Saragat's representative, Matteotti, to be present at the Bureau meeting owing to illness. Since, however, Mr. Morgan Phillips had attended the Venice Congress as chairman of the International, and had had discussions with both Matteotti and Saragat, this need not have been an insuperable obstacle. The real reason is that most members of the Bureau are half-hearted about re-unification; hence the decision not to take up the matter again until the Bureau's routine meeting next July. This slow approach is not likely to be shared by the British Labour Party, whose interest in helping on an agreement was shown by the presence of Mr. Bevan as its official observer at the Venice Congress. Mr. Bevan has not hidden his belief that the union of the Socialist parties in Italy is essential for the revival of a healthy parliamentary life in Italy, where the absence of a strong non-Communist left has unnaturally strengthened the right-wing elements. His warnings that Saragat's continued resistance to Nenni's overtures for unity would precipitate a crisis in Italian social democracy were dramatically justified on the same day that the Bureau decided to postpone action. Saragat's support for the vote of confidence in Signor Segni's government on a highly unpopular issue of agrarian policy saved the coalition by three votes and enabled the Communists to organise demonstrations of protest by farmers and peasants against the government. It also split Saragat's party. The left wing, led by Zagari, has interpreted Saragat's action as the latest of many manœuvres against unity, and it is trying to bring forward the party congress to force Saragat's hand. This evidence of Saragat's increasing isolation may encourage the Labour Party to give the lead which the International has failed to do.

The Little Election

The run of by-elections has come at a bad moment for the Macmillan government. An upset in a marginal seat such as North Lewisham would not matter much if it came alone, nor would any government be much put out by a small slump in its majorities in normally safe seats. But, since Melton Mowbray, the tide has been setting strongly and plainly towards the Labour Party for the first time since the early years of the 1945 government. In each case, the Labour vote has been turned out effectively—a trend which reflects the growing anger of Labour voters against Tory social policy as well as the greatly improved electoral organisation of local Labour parties—while the Tory vote has dropped. At Wednesbury, the drop was a surprise which was underlined rather than diminished by the relatively large vote for the independent candidate. If the pattern is repeated this week in Bristol and in Sir Anthony Eden's old seat at Warwick, and perhaps later at Newcastle and Hornsey, this government will be faced with a real crisis of confidence on the part of its own supporters. Governments, of course, can survive such crises if they have a solid majority and can hold together calmly and competently. But it is not certain that Mr. Macmillan can command calm competence. On the contrary, the Tory leadership seems inept and oddly divorced from its own parliamentary rank-and-file, for all the relief with which Mr. Macmillan's succession was acclaimed. For this reason, it is not impossible that there may be a general election later this year, although governments are reluctant to court certain defeat. The only grounds Mr. Macmillan could find for going into a hopeless election campaign would be his sense that less damage would be done to the long-term prospects of the Tory Party by vacating office than by continuing to hold on while the situation worsens. The Labour Party is right to attack as hard as it can, both in by-elections and in the House, in the hope of forcing an early dissolution. In this attack, however, it should not be content to capitalise on discontent. This is the period in which the electorate should be familiarised with Labour's positive programme for restoring a planned economy and for the next phase of social legislation, so that it knows what the alternative government wants—and why.

Next Week

SPRING BOOKS NUMBER

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ALSO

How Bad Is French Verse?
by J. G. WEIGHTMAN

Top and Bottom People
by MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Labour and the Co-ops.

The much-publicised "crisis" in the relations between the Co-operative movement and the Labour Party is a dramatic exaggeration. The present discussions between the two organisations are not a sudden new development; they have been going on informally for some months. The decision by the National Executive last week to give notice to end the present agreement is, therefore, merely the preliminary to putting the discussions on a more formal basis. The trade unions have for some time held the view that they were getting an unfair share of parliamentary representation in return for the financial help they give to the Labour Party. They have increasingly tended to contrast their rewards with those of the Co-operative Party, on the grounds that it makes no contribution nationally to Labour Party funds and only small contributions to local funds unless it is sponsoring a candidate. This resentment has been quickened by two developments: first, the increase in the Labour Party affiliation fees which the trade unions pay and the Co-operative Party escapes; and secondly, by the defeat of trade union nominees at selection conferences by Co-operative candidates. There has also been a growing feeling in the Labour Party itself that the separate existence of a Co-operative Party is an historical accident which has outlived its usefulness. The aim, therefore, is to integrate the Co-operative movement with the Labour Party in ways which would not lessen, and might even increase, its influence. One of the suggestions is that the Co-operative Union, the supreme governing body of the Co-operative movement, might affiliate to the Labour Party nationally and in return be allocated representation on the National Executive. Individual societies might also continue to affiliate nationally in the way that the Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society now does. In the meantime societies would be encouraged to affiliate directly to all constituency parties in their area, on the R.A.C.S. model, instead of through the Co-operative Party. This would put them in the same relationship to the Labour Party as the trade unions. A list of approved Co-operative candidates, on the lines of the existing Panel A and Panel B of candidates, could be made available to local parties for selection and any candidate chosen from the list would fight on a straight Labour Party ticket.

More Atom Power

The trebling of Britain's atom-electricity programme by 1965, which Lord Mills has announced, has political implications which Mr. Macmillan and his colleagues will find it hard to accept. A similar "crash" programme which the Labour government applied to conventional power stations involved very detailed planning and the creation of physical controls and priorities on a far wider scale than any other of its domestic projects. Lord Mills has pointed out that investment on this scale will make heavy demands on the nation's capital resources, but there is much more to it than a question of finance. We now know why Lord Mills was given a mandate over steel as well as power. A serious obstacle to rapid construction of such

nuclear power stations arises from the failure of the steel industry. Only by taking powers over the industry and applying certain kinds of physical controls will the government be able to meet what is admitted to be one of the country's basic needs.

Lebanese Cross-currents

The current tension between Syria and the Lebanon was increased by the recent assassination, in Beirut, of Colonel Jedid, the leader of the proscribed P.P.S. (Parti Populaire Syrian). Jedid had been sentenced to death, *in absentio*, by a Syrian military tribunal, for his part in an alleged conspiracy to set up an Iraqi puppet regime in Syria last year; and his party, an extreme right-wing group organised on Fascist lines, has for some time been organising subversion in Syria. The Syrian government allege that P.P.S. commando units, under Jedid, were being trained, with the connivance of the Lebanese governments, at Hermal, near the Syrian border; while the six newspapers and two magazines which the P.P.S. controls disseminate violent propaganda against the ruling Socialist-Baath party. Since the treason trials in Damascus last month (whose object was to reveal the P.P.S. "conspiracy" to railroad Syria into the Baghdad Pact), the Syrian government has taken retaliatory measures against Lebanese business interests in Syria. There seems little doubt that Syria has a real grievance, and even in the Lebanon the government's policy of giving tacit support to the P.P.S. is arousing growing opposition. Most of the Catholic-Maronites sympathise with President Chamoun's pro-western line; but a recent newspaper interview, in which he bluntly stated that "there is no such thing as neutrality . . . Lebanon, having refused Communism, will side with the West," has been widely criticised. In recent weeks both the Maronite Patriarch and the ex-president, Sheik Bechara el Khoury, have joined the opposition. Moslem opinion, in particular, is increasingly inclined to side with Syria. Significantly, the Mufti of the Lebanon refused to allow Colonel Jedid's body to enter the Mosque or to have a religious funeral on the grounds that he was "sentenced to death for treason against Syria."

Indonesian Crisis

What will President Sukarno do now? The army command in the island of Sulawesi (Celebes) has followed the example of the army in Sumatra and declared a state of emergency. The local governor, the chief of police and many heads of services supported the army's proclamation. This means that most of Indonesia to the east and to the west of Java is now under military government. The pattern is clear; opposition to over-centralised government in Djakarta; discontent because the wealth of Sumatra and Sulawesi has enriched Java at the expense of the other islands; impatience with the government's failure to implement short- and long-term plans; a great deal of opposition to President Sukarno's plan to include Communists in his proposed advisory council and a strongly expressed desire to bring Dr. Hatta back into active political leadership. Dr. Hatta, in an unusually outspoken statement criticising President Sukarno's plan, says that a Communist, whatever his personal attitude, "would betray his ideals if he did not give priority to the defence of the Soviet Union's interests, even to the detriment of his own country." He disagrees with "opportunist politicians" who expect that the Indonesian Communists, once in the government, would accept a "Titoist" position and be prepared to follow a nationalist policy including an independent foreign policy. Dr. Hatta says that it is not democracy as laid down in the Indonesian Constitution which falls short, but the use made of it by political parties.

Books and Obscenity

For too many years booksellers and publishers in this country and a large part of the United States have been liable to prosecution if they circulate books which have a "tendency to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences." The words are those of Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, in *Regina v. Hicklin*, and his judgment has been a plague on the book trade, for it has been enshrined both in the common law and in "blue" laws in many American states. These laws have now been declared unconstitutional by the U.S. Supreme Court, in a unanimous decision on a case arising from a deliberate test of the Michigan law by a bookseller in Detroit. It is unfortunate that the reliance of the American courts on the English common law is not reciprocal, for this judgment sweeps away the nonsense which surrounds the archaic definition of obscenity. In the sharp words of Justice Frankfurter, who wrote the Court's opinion, the effect of the Cockburn test is to "reduce the adult population to reading only what is fit for children." Until now, judges have been able to condemn a book simply on a general suspicion that it may fall into the hands of some youth whose morals are prone to corruption. But why, asks Justice Frankfurter, should the public be quarantined against books "not too rugged for grown men and women in order to shield juvenile ignorance"? Our law, too, should be brought into line with modern adult standards.

The Bus Boycott Spreads

South African white opinion is periodically shocked out of its complacency by new evidence that oppressed men, even those with black skins, can eventually be driven to revolt. In 1952 the passive resistance campaign revealed to a horrified white public that 8,000 Africans felt their denial of human rights so keenly that they were prepared to go to jail voluntarily and gratuitously. The same mood has now developed in the main urban areas. The bus boycott has now entered its third month. From the start the government has treated it as a political movement, thrown aside all legalistic hypocrisy and taken opportunity to make war upon the recalcitrant Africans. Mass arrests have been carried out by the police, white sympathisers have been intimidated, and now all public transport has been withdrawn from the African locations. Meanwhile the United Party has stood aside, contenting itself with appeals to the boycotters to give in. Industrial and business interests in the "golden city" have become so alarmed that they have even offered to pay the extra bus fares themselves, only to have their offer contemptuously thrown back in their teeth. The bus boycott itself has now been accompanied by attempts to boycott goods produced in Nationalist factories and by a strike of African stevedores in Port Elizabeth who are demanding higher wages. There can be little doubt that, with all the forces at its disposal the government can repeat its physical victory. Its members, however, if they have the slightest imagination, must have begun to see the writing in the sand when increasing numbers of Africans, without arms, political rights, or industrial organisation, have still the courage and capacity to challenge the whole structure of the white man's state.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Moscow

Second Thoughts About Gandhi

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: The reappraisal of Gandhi and of the role of the Indian National Congress in India's past and present, contained in a recent issue of the *Kommunist*, is part of a tacit understanding between Nehru and the Soviet leaders to extend the principles of Panch Shila to the ideological field. Soviet political literature contains an embarrassing legacy of a period marked by what is now officially described as a "dogmatic, sectarian and, therefore, non-Marxist approach to the social life of the East." Corrections were foreshadowed at the 20th Congress where it was pointed out that the theses on the Sixth Congress of the Comintern on the colonial question contained mistakes in relation to the role of the national bourgeoisie in the liberation struggle of the peoples of the colonies and semi-colonies. Life, writes *Kommunist*, has not confirmed the Comintern's conclusion that as the mass liberation movements develop the national bourgeoisie desert and become a naked counter-revolutionary force. The new assessment of Gandhi differs greatly from that contained in the *Great Soviet Encyclopedia* (vol. 10, published 1952). There Gandhism is described as a reactionary political doctrine, and the role of its founder as a reflection of the "treacherous standpoint of the big Indian bourgeoisie and liberal landlords . . . who sided with the imperialists against the people." Stalin's condemnation—at the 16th Congress in 1930—of "people like Gandhi" on whom the imperialists rely, was quoted with approval. Particular exception was taken to Gandhism for "advocating class peace."

Writing in *Kommunist* in January, V. Semyonov says: "Gandhi's distinguishing features were tireless and self-sacrificing struggle against colonialism, racialism and national inequality, an instinctive feeling for Socialism, which, of course, he understood in his own way, the desire to merge his own life with the life of ordinary people—the impoverished peasantry and workers—and to improve their lot."

A view which may be of more immediate political interest to an India holding its general elections is the *Kommunist* writer's tribute to the Indian National Congress today as an effective anti-capitalist force. True, Semyonov says, the anti-capitalist phraseology of some political leaders is explained by the fact that Socialism has become "fashionable," at times it is invoked for demagogic reasons. "However, many supporters of progress in the countries of the East are sincerely seeking a way that would enable their countries to by-pass the tortures of capitalism, and, avoiding the capitalist stage of development, go over quickly to Socialism. . . . In the new historical conditions . . . the attitude of the Marxist even to Socialist strivings of a Narodnik type and the varieties of utopian Socialism widespread in the East, cannot but change." This positive response to Nehru's policy of the "Socialistic pattern" is in line with various statements made by Soviet observers in India, statements which some Congress propagandists used effectively against the Indian Communists during previous election campaigns.

Westminster

Macmalaise?

Mr. Peter Thorneycroft told the House this week that the German government would contribute £50 million a year towards the cost of British forces in Germany and would deposit £75 million with the Bank of England to meet future obligations. This £75 million deposit at once aroused the interest of the House. Was it not, asked Mr. Harold Wilson, a payment in advance? Did it not mean that we were continuing our pawnshop finance by pledging the future? Were we not adding Adenauer Aid to Marshall Aid? Since Japan also lost the war could we not, asked Mr. Bevan, take our hat round to Tokyo?

Then Mr. Eric Fletcher asked the question which had sprung naturally to everyone's mind. Would the annual contribution remain the same even if our forces in Germany were reduced? Thorneycroft said it would. He was further pressed. He began to fumble with two flimsy pages of typescript which contained the details. Yes, it *would* remain the same. He was told abruptly to read the agreement to the House. He did.

It was then made clear that if the British forces were reduced, the German contribution would also be reduced. Captain Waterhouse then asked whether the £75 million deposit could be withdrawn at any time—an important point since the sudden withdrawal of such a sum might affect the exchange rates. "I am not sure about this," said Thorneycroft. At that Mr. Denis Healey asked: "Shouldn't the Chancellor himself read the terms of an agreement before reporting it to the House?"

This was just another of those incidents which are beginning seriously to puzzle the Commons. It is not unusual for under-secretaries to open or wind up major debates. It is not unusual for one of them, from time to time, to fall below the normal standard. But in recent weeks, three under-secretaries running in major debates have embarrassed even their opponents by the badness of their performances. Even worse, senior ministers, including both the Prime Minister and Mr. Duncan Sandys, have indulged in offensively flippant answers to serious questions; and now here was the Chancellor, normally so quick and sure, fumbling the dolliest of catches tossed back to him by the House. Something has certainly gone wrong.

One knows that ministers in charge of defence are handicapped at present because there is no defence policy; but the House is making full allowance for this. No one expects Sandys—perhaps the first real Minister of Defence since the war—to reorganise the services after only a few weeks in office; and indeed when one junior minister, Mr. Christopher Soames, presented the Navy Estimates this week, he so blandly went through the motions of making admirable bricks that the House almost began to imagine that he was drawing on large quantities of straw. But some other ministers seem to be afraid of the House. They try to ingratiate themselves, like Mr. Nigel Birch, or to be glib, like Mr. Boyd-Carpenter. Either of these defensive reactions may be due to the uncertainty of not having a firm policy or to the certainty that the policy they have to present to the House is going to be unpopular.

Does that explain the performances of Sir David Eccles—"I don't care a hoot what the Socialists say"—or of the Prime Minister in his defence of Eccles' famous "indiscretion" on entertainments duty? Both ministers seemed to be touched with Sir Hartley Shawcross's "We are the masters now" spirit. All day long Eccles lounged on the front bench, attempting no explanation at all, even when faced with the admonitory finger and the movingly formidable example of Mr. Hugh Dalton only two yards away.

Did Sir David really think that the ruling class *never* needs to apologise or even to explain? Does the Prime Minister really believe, as he seemed to believe on Monday, that the standards of public conduct are sufficiently upheld if, in public school tradition, he stands by his colleagues whether they are right or wrong? Is it a contempt for the House, which leads him to allow his Chancellor off-handedly to present reports which he has not studied, to allow the President of the Board of Trade to stay silent when his judgment, if not his integrity, is impugned and to allow junior ministers to stumble through briefs which are inadequately prepared? Each question bites—and each remains unanswered.

Whatever the reason, these things are happening; and sooner or later they will begin to affect Conservative backbenchers. Conservative backbenchers are tougher—the opposition would say more brazen—than their Labour opponents. Perhaps a conviction of their fitness to govern is more ingrained in them than it is in Labour. Perhaps Labour is less patient with the shortcomings of its own leaders. But even tough Conservatives cannot be expected to maintain their morale or to cling to the seats indefinitely in the present atmosphere. If this government is to last its full term, Macmillan will have to show that he is in fact capable of being a Prime Minister, giving his colleagues a firm lead on policy and insisting on standards of conduct and of parliamentary performance which at best do not embarrass into silence the packed benches behind him. Mannered archness is no substitute for this.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

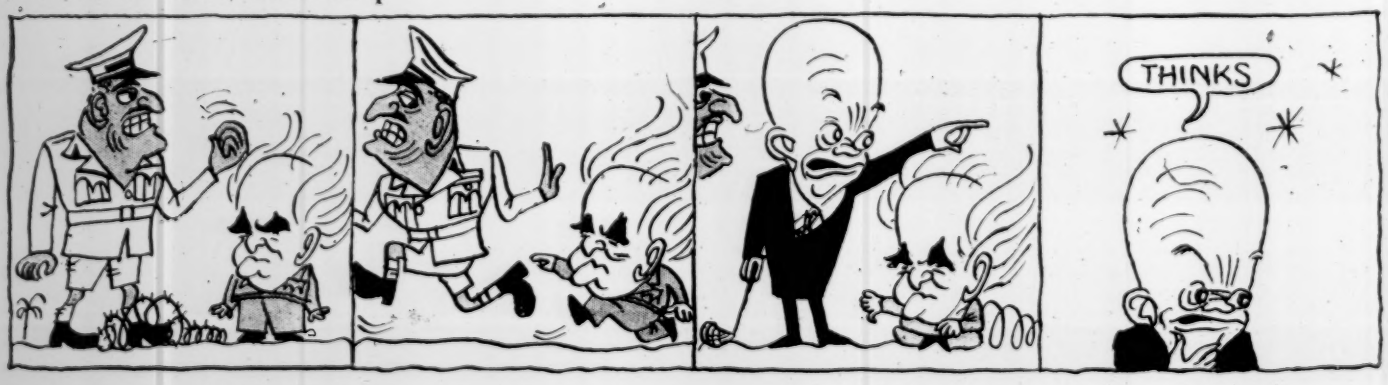
Ben-Gurion's Gamble

It is easy to understand the feelings of those in Israel who have turned against Ben-Gurion because of his decision to withdraw from Sinai. Nevertheless we believe they are misguided. The Sinai campaign was the emotional release from eight years of fear and tension; and the exaltation which has followed it brooks no doubts and no concessions. Sanctions? Belts can be tightened and austerity used, as in wartime Britain, to speed social reform and purge Israel of soft living.

It is moving to see the pride with which Israelis assert their right to nationhood. Alas, some of this high spirit has been based on wishful thinking. Sanctions could not have been laughed off as easily as that; if the rest of the world had really resolved to apply the screw, it is to be doubted whether French assistance could have saved the Israel economy from grinding to a standstill, starved of oil. And to what end would that ordeal have been faced? Sooner or later, Israel would have had to evacuate the conquered territory or meet the prospect of an ever-hardening resistance from the rest of the world.

All this Ben-Gurion understood. Indeed, from the moment the fighting ceased in the first week of November, his diplomacy has been concerned not with the absolutes of annexation or unconditional withdrawal, but with the practical task of coming to the best terms possible with the great powers who command the lobbies of the U.N. Now, after President Eisenhower's personal letter, after the declaration by Britain and France on the rights of maritime nations, after the private talks between Mr. Eban and Mr. Dulles in New York, Ben-Gurion may well be convinced that he has gained as much as diplomacy can gain. On November 2, almost the whole world—except for the guilty discredited, isolated governments in London and Paris—felt obliged to condemn Israel. Four months later the picture is very different. India, Russia and, of course, the Arab states remain intransigent; but in the western world, public opinion (while still condemning last October's act of war) has swung strongly behind Israel's claim to live at peace with Egypt. This change of heart is the fruit of Ben-Gurion's diplomacy and the best guarantee Israel can have that the objectives of the Sinai campaign—free passage of the Gulf of Aqaba and freedom from *fedayeen* raids—can be permanently secured. In settling for this, Ben-Gurion is, of course, surrendering to the threat of compulsion—which, in the end, he would have had to anyway; but he is timing his surrender for the moment when he judges he has secured his maximum gain. In other words, he is

The (not-so-comic) Gaza Strip



gambling on the good faith and good will of those powers who have assured Israel of their support and friendship if only she would conform to the resolutions of the General Assembly.

The feeling of anti-climax and disappointment among the Israel public needs no further explanation. The attention of the world has naturally focused mainly on the U.N.: but it is in Jerusalem that Ben-Gurion has this week been facing the greatest political crisis of his life. Those on the left who now criticise Ben-Gurion for his withdrawal must ask themselves what more they could in fact have done to further Israel's legitimate aims. To us who watch with sympathy from outside the answer appears to be nothing.

This, it must be admitted, is only half the argument. Ben-Gurion's "act of faith" imposes on the U.N. a moral obligation which the rest of the world is in honour bound to accept. Israel, in effect, has bowed, albeit under protest, to the condemnation of her method of self-preservation; but she has reaffirmed—and, by implication at least, with the approval of the western powers—her resolve that the *status quo ante* at Gaza and the Gulf of Aqaba must never be allowed to return. Ben-Gurion's gamble is based on his belief that he can trust the western democracies at least to see that justice is done in this. If we now fail him we shall both dishonour ourselves and kill any remaining hope that the U.N. may develop from being a clearing-house for political deals into a seat of international justice. But more than that: the "settlement" now reached is no settlement at all unless it brings with it security for Israel as well as for Egypt. If the *fedayeen* raids are resumed, or if the blockade of the Gulf of Aqaba is reimposed, then there is no Prime Minister in Jerusalem, and no international organisation in the world, which would have the authority to keep the Israel sword in its scabbard. It is up to us to see that a situation leading to a renewal of armed conflict cannot develop—for its consequences might engulf the world.

If that prospect is alarming, it is equally true and considerably more comforting in the converse. Once the immediate trigger-spots of conflict are removed Israel can turn her attention to coming to terms with the Afro-Asian group of nations, from which she has so far remained so tragically estranged. If the ultimate end of the Sinai campaign is the acceptance, however reluctantly, by the Arab states of Israel's right to live, something constructive will have been achieved. Once that right is established, it is for Israel to prove that she has no aggressive intentions towards her neighbours. For Israel cannot in the long run survive merely as a favoured protégée of the western powers; it is only when she has established herself as one of the family of Asian nations that her security can be complete.

An Insular View

AMERICAN professors are tremendous people for research. And, sure enough, they sometimes make discoveries. Professor Homan, for example, has discovered that British Socialists are not now revolutionaries.

The professor announced this discovery at some length in these columns on February 23. It is quite valid but not exactly new. By far the greater part of the British Socialist tradition has never been revolutionary. Neither the Fabians nor the whole I.L.P. following, stemming from Hardie (to say nothing of the main body of the Labour movement itself), were ever revolutionaries. All that has really happened is that in the Fifties, as contrasted with the Thirties, all British Socialists have taken up this non-revolutionary position. The only revolutionary body remaining in Britain is the Communist sect.

The professor is astonished. And on his own quite arbitrary assumptions he has a right to be. For he has first of all defined Socialism as a revolutionary doctrine. He quotes as conclusive the say-so on the matter of another professor, named Gray, who writes that Socialists are people who "seek a better world, not by way of reform, but by way of subversion." And Professor Homan makes it clear that he means by this that Socialists are revolutionaries or nothing. Therefore, he concludes triumphantly, since British Socialists are evidently not revolutionaries they are all washed up.

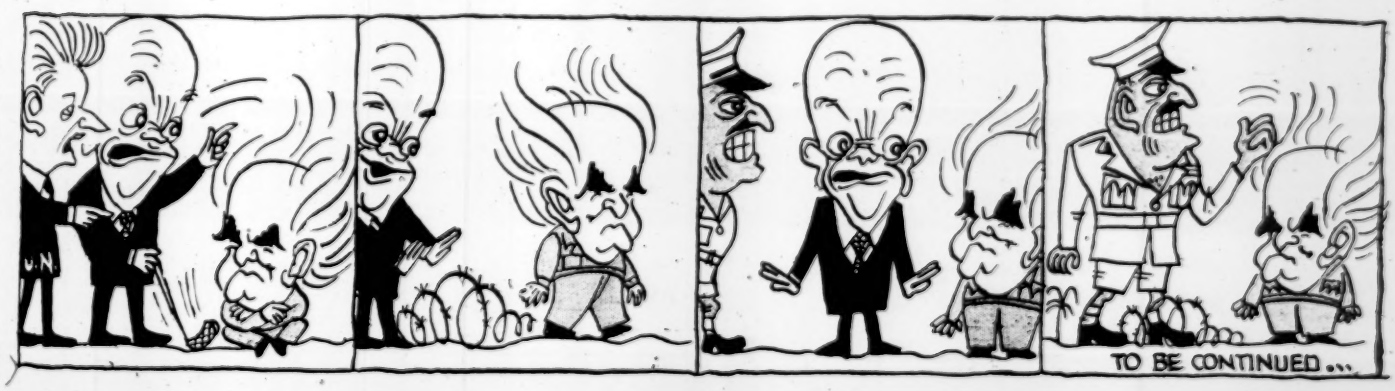
All this is a good example of making up unreal dilemmas for oneself and then triumphantly failing to solve them. Professor Homan's owlish wisdom in this respect reaches its climax in an incidental remark which he makes about Mr. Kingsley Amis: "If rather too dogmatic about it, Mr. Kingsley Amis has a point about the strength of self-interest as a political motive." Mr. Amis, the professor evidently feels, has like himself made a discovery; namely that the main motive force of political activity is the self-interest of individuals, groups or classes. Yes, undoubtedly Mr. Amis "has a point"; but did not someone else—the name escapes me, but doesn't it begin with an M? —make the point some time ago?

In spite of all this owlishness, Professor Homan writes some perfectly good, if very dull, sense, about American and British contemporary development. As he writes, it is becoming possible to hope, and even to expect, that the force of British and American democracy will be able to exercise so strong a pressure on their respective economies as continuously to "divert a large portion of its mounting national income towards increasing equality and providing collective services and amenities." Now we British Socialists, in our innocence and before the professors taught us better, believed that diverting large portions of the national income towards equality and collective services was, precisely, our way to Socialism. But now Professors Homan and Gray have laid it down by definition that this process has nothing to do with Socialism, which must be "subversive." Therefore, I suppose, diverting large portions of the national income towards increasing equality and collective services must be defined as "New Dealism," "reformism" or just plain good sense. Well, there is no objection to that. Indeed, I agree that for those practical American politicians and labour leaders who want so to divert the national income, to label the process Socialism would be barmy. But, at this point, the whole argument becomes merely verbal, or semantic as Professor Homan insists on calling it, true to his tradition of always using the more pretentious word when a simple one would do just as well.

Nevertheless, there is a real issue behind all this verbal stuff. No one is denying that there is an enormous difference between the revolutionary and the non-revolutionary outlook. What is plain silly is to reserve the word Socialist for the revolutionary outlook, since this ignores, not only the main body of the British Socialist tradition, but also, for example, the Scandinavian and the German Social-democratic tradition—which, goodness knows, was only too un-revolutionary. Yet the distinction between the two outlooks, traditions, world-views—the revolutionary and the unrevolutionary—is vital. To my mind the most important thing to say about it is that it is not a question of the revolutionary tradition being wrong and the un-revolutionary tradition being right, or vice versa. Which outlook is "right" and which "wrong" (and "right" and "wrong" in this connection simply mean applicable and inapplicable) entirely depends on the objective development of society at any given time and place. If that development is, on the whole, downwards towards crisis and catastrophe, then the reformist attitude is inapplicable. If contemporary development is, on balance, upwards towards a rising standard of life and the continuous and effective remodelling of the existing system of society by democratic means, with the avoidance of crisis and war, then, equally, the revolutionary tradition is inapplicable.

True, for our time and place, that is for the Britain and, *a fortiori*, the America, of the Fifties, anyone who doubts that it is the revolutionary tradition that is inapplicable ought to have his head examined. Therefore, there is no choice for practical politicians and labour leaders. A leader of the British Labour Party who tried to behave in the revolutionary tradition would

by VICKY



simply eliminate himself within a few months. Similarly, if an American trade union leader, say Mr. Walter Reuther, tried to do so he would merely cease to be an American trade union leader. There is no choice.

Nevertheless, the qualification about time and place must always be borne in mind. First as to time. The choice was by no means so obvious in either the Britain or the America of the early Thirties. American and British capitalism, and still more, of course, German capitalism, gave a first-rate imitation of being in irremediable decline. Today, it seems improbable that they will do so again. But then it is always extremely difficult to think oneself out of the mental climate of the particular period in which one is. I am now old enough to have seen the whole character of that mental climate change, in response to a swiftly changing social environment, more than once in the course of my lifetime. It is not very wise to assume that it can never change again.

The qualification about place is even more important. Professor Homan's article is an example of contemporary American provincialism, of a provincialism, that is to say, even deeper than our own; and that is saying something. Socialism, says the professor, is all washed up because American and British capitalism have functioned well for a couple of decades. Certainly, I repeat, that fact must condition the whole attitude and approach of practical American and British labour leaders. It makes either reformist Socialism or American "New Dealism"—whichever you like to call it—alone applicable.

But when will Americans learn that America is also an island? True it is a much bigger island than Britain; but it is nevertheless merely an island off the coast of the world's mainland, which is Afro-Asia. That is the home of the decisive part of the human race: that is where its destiny will, in the end, be determined. (Oh, I agree that the American island will have—is having—its period of world domination. But will that last even as long as did the British?) And once we consider the Afro-Asian main, how quaint becomes the professor's belief that Socialism is all washed up. A form of crude, dictatorial and exceedingly unpleasant Socialism has been established for nearly 1,000 million of the world's 2,500 million inhabitants. The remainder of the main body of the living generation of mankind live neither under Socialism nor capitalism, but in pre-industrial societies. For them the question is how to industrialise. And who can doubt that they will industrialise in some more or less Socialist manner? The only question at issue—though this is vital—is: Will their predominantly Socialist process of industrialisation prove compatible with the maintenance, or establishment, of political democracy? Or must they go through the Communist purgatory? That, of course, is the question which confronts incomparably the most important of the undecided nations, namely India. The possibility that India or, for that matter, I should think, most of the rest of the undeveloped world, will take the capitalist road, in the sense of following in the footsteps of 19th- and 20th-century development in Britain, America and western Europe, is remote.

That is why, in spite of Professor Homan, I still think it sensible rather than "reckless," as he writes that I am, to call our present dispensation in the west "last-stage capitalism." Even if locally, in our cosy-corner of the world, the capitalist-democratic interaction continues to work out pretty well, as any sane man must devoutly hope that it will, I think that the term will prove justified. In that case we shall not see any "subversion" of the present system. But we shall certainly see its further modification. And it would seem an abuse of the term still to describe as capitalism a system which had suffered another change as great as the one which has already happened to capitalism in the last 25 years.

Here I am being more moderate than Mr. Crosland, whose views Professor Homan, naturally, much prefers to mine. Mr. Crosland believes that the system has already changed so much that it should no longer be called capitalism. That seems to me to be going too far, but I would readily concede that the next major set of modifications are likely to justify a new name—but here we are back to verbal issues.

But more important than these local western questions is, I repeat, the fact that the contemporary world scene bears all the signs of being "last-stage capitalism." First, well over a third of the world's population has ceased to live under capitalist relations of production. It is devoutly to be hoped that they will soon emerge from their present political and cultural barbarity; but it seems unlikely that they will ever re-establish anything which could remotely be called capitalism. Second, another great slab of humanity is approaching the cross roads at which either capitalist or Socialist relations of production must be established. And it seems obvious that they are about to choose some form of Socialist relations.

And so—chaffing apart—how is it that the American professors, who are intelligent as well as industrious men, can overlook these facts of the world scene, which stare them in the face?

JOHN STRACHEY

London Diary

"Row over Queen Mother's Horse," shouted a *Daily Express* placard when I got back this week from a fortnight in Portugal, Rome and Malta. Still harping on my daughter? But it's not Ophelia's fault if we are obsessed with Queens, their Princes and their mothers. Outside England, of course, these obsessions with royalty look a trifle comic; and I should not expect the Indian press to relish the Queen's tinsel visit to Portugal, which still proclaims its Christian duty to maintain Goa as an outpost of the Roman Church *in partibus infidelium*. Still anger (already on the boil about Kashmir) is apt to lead to careless journalism, and when I read in the *Economic Review*, official organ of the Congress Research Department, an attack on the Queen for saying that "the civilising work which we pursued has not always met with understanding," I looked up what was actually said at the state banquet in Lisbon. (Oddly enough the *Daily Mirror*, but not *The Times*, took the same precaution.) In fact, these remarks were made, not by the Queen, but by the President of Portugal. British royalty, now consciously presiding over the civilising process of sloughing off its imperialist tradition, seldom lays itself open to such attacks.

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No doubt the reason why the Queen went to Portugal and left it to the Duchess of Kent to represent her at the Ghana celebrations was that it was not until the last minute that the trouble between Accra and Kumasi was patched up—with much credit due to Lennox-Boyd. A less angry India would surely have spared a word of congratulation to Britain on this occasion as well as some very proper criticism about British policy in Cyprus. But what should trouble us about Delhi today is not that it attacked the Queen for something she did not say, but that it seems inadequately alive to its own dangers and temptations. Nationalism is like measles; everyone has to go through it, but the facts of life are still ahead. People who have been treated as colonials too easily imagine that their problems will be solved by throwing out their conquerers; the fact is that it is only after the imperialists have gone that they can discover what their problems are. Nehru has always known this and he has earned the world's respect because as leader of free India he has so far risen above the temptations and abuses of power. Today, especially on the issue of Israel, India has deeply disturbed her friends in the West by falling into one of the worst traps of *Realpolitik*. It is surely short-sighted and unprincipled for India at the United Nations to lead the attack on Israel, a tiny country desperately struggling for survival, and to try to curry favour with doubtful Arab friends by declaring against Aqaba as an international waterway. It would have been in tune with Nehru's constructive supra-national outlook if he had led the campaign for an international solution of the perilous Middle-Eastern confusion.

* * *

Nothing quite like the situation in Malta has occurred before. Here are some 300,000 people speaking their own language, conscious of their own history and determined to end their colonial status. This anti-colonialism has, as its representative and Prime Minister, a Rhodes scholar of great resolution and ability who knows that Malta cannot be economically independent and is determined that it shall have rather more than the political and constitutional autonomy of Northern Ireland. I was not surprised to read that after a fortnight of argument Mr. Lennox-Boyd had retired for a short spell in a nursing home. Negotiations did not break down, but they got stuck in an awkward corner from which I earnestly hope they will emerge when Mr. Mintoff returns later this month. The psychology of these negotiations is complex. The natural impulse of people demanding freedom is to separate themselves from imperial rulers. But Malta, which is too small to demand economic independence or to claim its own defence or foreign policy, is seeking the opposite solution—integration with Britain instead of separation from it. Clearly there are constitutional problems. Can Malta at a single jump reduce the Governor-General to the status he has in independent dominions, where he exercises no more power than the Queen in England? Can the British be persuaded that they need no more "emergency powers" than they have in Northern Ireland, where the government was certain to consist not of "ex-colonials," but of members of the British ruling class? More difficult still, I suppose, are the economic problems. Maltese workers I talked to assumed that as part of Britain with representatives in Westminster their wages and social services will gradually approximate—and not too gradually—to those of their fellow workers in this island. I would bet on a lot more stiff bargaining, but it will end well if Treasury officials can meet Maltese demands with much less rigidity than they usually show and if Dom Mintoff does not over-play his hand. Neither side dare risk failure.

* * *

Miss Mabel Strickland's meeting at 8 o'clock on Sunday morning at Rabat was designed to catch the peasants as they came from early mass. The lovely little square was golden in the morning sun. In the centre is a statue of the saint, and around it in a wide circle were about 50 police, with one officer stationed on each of the roofs above to stop anyone throwing rotten eggs

down on to the heads of Miss Strickland and the other speakers below. Another large posse of police, including half a dozen or more on horseback, stood nearby ready for emergencies. Crowded behind the police cordon, and stretching up into the side streets, there were, I suppose, some five or six hundred people. Standing on a lorry, very square and tweedy, Miss Strickland herself looked the very archetype of those formidable women who, according to Osbert Lancaster, used to be in command of the A.T.S. and the W.A.A.F. in the war. One soon saw why the police were there. Not, I'm sure, that the Maltese peasants would have done any personal violence to Miss Strickland, but without the police they would simply have broken up the meeting. There seemed to be very few, if any, supporters for Miss Strickland's "progressive constitutionalism." She spoke in English herself with a translation to follow. The other speakers talked Maltese and their remarks were summarised for me by the government information officer who accompanied me. The gist of the speeches was familiar. Her opposition to Mintoff and the Labour Party was exactly that of county Tories towards the idea of a welfare state. The Maltese, she said, were good individualists who didn't want any Socialist nonsense. The audience responded by booing, laughter, derisory heckling and cheers for Mintoff. One man near me shouted himself hoarse in an effort to impress on Miss Strickland that Mintoff was building schools for the children.

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Politically, Miss Strickland has become rather a pathetic joke. But she remains important because she owns the *Times of Malta*, which has a monopolistic position as the only English daily on the island. Dom Mintoff's serious opponents now are the Nationalist Party, which, if the system of P.R. remains in force, will continue to have a large representation in the island even if the Labour Party heavily increases its votes. I questioned a number of Mintoff's critics and opponents; they talked very much as Americans did in the early days of Franklin Roosevelt. They accuse him of aiming at a "dictatorship"; when analysed this seems to mean that as the head of a proletarian party he would change the social structure of the island; the old nobility who live in the ancient capital of Mdina—exquisitely preserved and, outside the stone walls of its splendid villas and churches, apparently deserted except for cats—would be ruined; the public rather than private individuals would benefit from new industries. Worst of all, Mintoff means high taxation—the same taxation as we have in England. In short the business people, like the aristocracy, fear a peaceful proletarian revolution. I also heard it seriously said that he showed dictatorial tendencies by insisting that there should not be a change in the broadcasting system before integration; it gives him, as it did previous Conservative politicians, at least a chance of stating the government's case. Nor can I see that he was doing anything very wicked about the police or the civil service except in the sense of giving efficiency rather than seniority the pride of place in the matter of promotion. The truth is that most of the rich people of Malta are frightened of Mintoff because, unlike most Labour leaders, he is not satisfied with the title of Prime Minister and a surface victory for Labour. He intends that Labour in office shall hold the reality of power just as Conservatives would. It is strange how often well-meaning people, brought up in an out-of-date regime, genuinely fail to understand that a Labour leader may mean business. They unconsciously hold, as Balfour once said, that whoever is in office the Conservatives must always be in power.

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My few days in Rome were largely taken up with talk about politics. I wish it had not been so, for Rome seems to me the one city which in architectural splendour and historic excitement seriously competes with Peking. However, politics it had to be. Would the Nenni Socialists bring off the fusion with the Social Democrats for which they voted so enthusiastically at the Venice Congress? Talk with Nenni himself and with members of the different groups quickly convinced me that the difficulty did not rest within the Nenni party but with Saragat and some of his supporters. I met members of his party who have been working for fusion for years and who believe, now that Nenni has broken with the Communists, that fusion should be accomplished at once. Matteotti, the secretary of the Saragat party, even told British members of the delegation at Venice that he would resign if Saragat did not hold his promised congress about fusion in May. It now seems that there is to be a compromise and that the congress may be held this summer. The obstacle is familiar. A small party always fears submergence in a larger party; 19 Saragat deputies fear that they may lose their seats and there are another 19 would-be deputies who would like to take their places if they do.

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Watching Africans and British dancing together at Ghana celebrations on Tuesday night, I recalled Clemenceau's comment on the dancing during the Versailles Conference. "*Comme le visage si triste et les derrières si gais.*" Only in this case it is the African behinds that are gay, unbelievably gay and rhythmical, while the British, with every desire for equally joyous celebrations, look sad, because they simply do not possess double-jointed *derrières*.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

After years of marriage, my husband still asks me if I mind before he takes off his collar and tie after the evening meal. This is the sort of thing which makes marriage wonderful.—Letter in *Daily Mirror*. (M. Ford.)

Sir,—I have been amused by the various "anti-dog" letters from certain of your disgruntled readers. Such complaints are what one can expect from a working class and predominantly Socialist community.—Letter in *Yorkshire Evening Press*. (B. Dineen.)

Meanwhile, Cup fever in the town has reached a climax.

Examples: A Bournemouth supporter died yesterday. By lunchtime four people had called asking to buy his ticket.—*News Chronicle*. (J. M. M. Hill.)

Business at Gornal Wood Cemetery last year was "disappointing," Mr. Herbert Rouse, Superintendent and Registrar, reported to Sedgley (Staffs) Council last night.

"The number of interments was not up to expectations," his report stated, "but it is hoped during the year ahead to see a great improvement."—*Daily Mirror*. (S. J. Folley.)

The City of London Council is to pay £135 to a keeping-down-the-pigeons firm.

"Justice is not being done," protested one councillor. "They had a terrible time during the blitz—they were faithful to us, we must be faithful to them."—*News Chronicle*. (G. W. Thorne.)

Pilgrims to Parnassus

A Ministere there was in London toun,
Of Educacioun the stout champioun;
Men called him Hailsham, for his name was Hogge,
As like the Ettricke Shepherd as his dogge.
Wel coude he singe and pleyen on a rote,
Oft the *Spectator* knew his cheerful note;
Yet, sith his yeddinges were not heard by somme,
To this entencioun boldly did he come:
"I wol," quoth he, "let cause to this intent
Some mencioun of my Muse in Parlement."
So, to this ende, some poesie he wrote
For his good curat, Edward Boyle, to quote,
Bidding the maisters in the scoles to hear
The Mynstralsie of Hogge, the Ministere. . . .

A Lord there was from Canada, also,
In hauteyn speche to cry his wares not slow;
No angry youth compared in bisiness
With this comptroller of a puissant press.
What they must seke was his own mysterie,
The craft of noyse and loude publicitie;
So, when he writes a boke, his minions tel
No other boke was ever writ so wel.
His theme was alwey oon: "Fe-Fo-Fi-Fum,
"Radix bonorum est Imperium."
Ne knight ne squire did never yet such werk
In holy war against the paynim Turk
As Beaver's predicaciouns on Trade,
The "In Principio" of his Crusade;
He sang the love of power and of pelf
And his Creator, for he made himself. . . .

REGINALD REYNOLDS

The Newest Exiles

(By a Correspondent)

NOT long ago a decree was passed in Cairo depriving me, together with numerous other Egyptian Jews, of my nationality. I suppose I was expecting it, but when I read the announcement in the paper it was like a determined slap in my face. I was rejected—it had been made quite clear: I was not needed, they would be happier if I did not come. Morally and, though it is horrid to admit it, financially, I had been cut off. I cannot say that I retraced our actions in my mind to see where we had gone wrong—we had already done that so many times that we were tired of criticism and self-criticism, both sincere and insincere, and besides none of it had ever led us beyond our lodgings in North London or Porte Champeret.

As in all countries under foreign rule, a family can raise itself socially and economically by learning a foreign language. Mine chose French, and our advance was so brilliantly successful that my generation was able to achieve that summit of superiority and distinction—we could not speak a word of our native tongue. Only the poor relations spoke Arabic, and that allowed us to avoid the embarrassing necessity of speaking to them. Some of us were taught English as an added precaution when France fell in 1940. With the departure of the British troops from Cairo it became essential that we learn Arabic, and I was unfortunate enough to be taught by a learned lecturer from Fouad University. He talked to me a lot about Goethe, and the book he himself was writing on modern Egyptian history, but my Arabic progress was slow.

When I was 15 a large crowd gathered outside the Soviet Embassy, next door, shouting "Moscow! Moscow!" We were all at the windows watching those dirty people and my old Italian nurse was the only one to call out, "*Com'e bello, tutta questa gente insieme!*" But she was, after all, a peasant and stupid as well. The rest of us were frightened. My family, being rather

more farsighted than most, thought it was time to send me away to Europe. It was 1949 then, and I was becoming interested in the reasons why some of my older cousins had to go to prison; the word "Communism" was now becoming definitely sinister, and some uncles would not have nephews and nieces in their cars for fear of being seen with them. Brothers refused to answer sisters on the telephone. When I left the servants kissed my hand and the porters downstairs got up and bowed as I passed.

We were in Paris when Neguib came to power and we thought it was good. By that time I had come to know more closely the "left-wing exiles" and we went on picnics by the Marne on Sundays. I had begun to understand that there were at least two factions not on speaking terms and accusing each other of being police agents. "*C'est un flic!*" I was often told about a trusted friend. As I knew both sides so well and was less experienced I thought it was all a horrible mistake, but I am a little older now.

Meanwhile, Neguib persistently appeared on balconies surrounded by the Grand Ulema, Chief Rabbi, Apostolic Nuncio, Coptic Patriarch and representatives of rare and exclusive religions dragged out of desert monasteries. The speeches began with raucous shouts of "*Allah Wakbar,*" and the whole process was carried out like a revival meeting, interrupted by urgent and forceful demands for heavenly intercessions. Kissing, even of relatives (which is normally a difficult thing to avoid) was forbidden in the streets, bathing costume regulations were tightened, and the whole country underwent an orgy of piety. Later, I was told by a discarded general who had been put in nominal command of a Cairo hotel, that Neguib was a firm supporter of the Moral Rearmament Movement. When the Bandung Conference took place money was collected among the exiles, to send a delegate, a student in Holland I was told, who would explain to the Asian leaders the wickedness of the regime and appeal on behalf of the thousands of political prisoners. I never heard anything more, but I am still interested to know what they said—if he went at all.

When in the summer of 1954 I returned to Cairo the servants warmly shook my hand and the porters waved amicably without getting up. This was new and perhaps better. By that time I was anxious to show my love and affection for my brother, the *fellah*, and decided that a good beginning was to look at him, a thing which I had not done before, because the sight of such poverty and disease upset me. For the first time in my life I went third class in the tram, and I was received with such sarcastic joy that I wanted to get off at the next stop. The peasants moved their baskets of chickens with many bows to make more room, "for my comfort" they said. Conversation was very audible on how honoured they all felt at my "most sublime presence" being among them. Should I get up and explain that some miraculous transformation had occurred and I was now their trusted friend and defender come specially during my holidays to show them the way to a marvellous future? When I only asked the fare, my French accent brought uninhibited laughter and repeated good-natured imitations.

My direct approach to the proletariat had failed, so I tried to contact opposition groups. I was able to reach two such groups. The first consisted entirely of Jews: a man who had been expelled from the university, an engineer who had studied in France, two dressmakers and a few badly paid clerks. They rarely "discussed politics," as they had probably said all they could and there was nothing much they could do. Every now and then they were arrested but not even allowed to become martyrs in the cause of the people, as they were always accused of Zionism so that those who read the paper felt grateful to the government for catching these dreadful spies. On Sunday we went to the Metro Cinema Club run by a Jesuit Father. Under his protection such films as *The Battleship Potemkin* were shown, after we had been submitted to a long talk by him on his honesty and broadmindedness. This we cheered loudly. After the film we went to the backroom of a nearby café where we joined a few French junior school teachers, and other insignificant Europeans. The atmosphere was rather helpless and my enthusiastic remarks and questions were met with unsure hopes that "the working class will rise soon . . . I suppose. Anyway, *we* can't do very much."

To the other group I met I attached more importance because they were Moslem students, but the replies I got were not more hopeful. "Will you be able to get a job abroad?" they asked. When I explained that I was anxious to help in the development of Egypt, they were a little uneasy. "You won't be able to do very much here, you know. Difficulty in getting jobs and so on. It would be better if you can go abroad, wouldn't it?" It was clear that in their view my best action against the foreign imperialists was to clear out as well, for I was too closely identified with them. When such great movements occur in a nation it is useless to cry out "But I am different, I want to be like you!" Everyone must be swept away together.

I was also taken to the Cercle el-Nil, a club chiefly frequented by the Stock Exchange and commercial circles. There I heard praise of Nasser because of the marvellous order he had restored, but all the rest was loud and constant lamentations over the indignities to which they were submitted, such as not being allowed to sack their workers, or being spoken to rudely in government offices. They were also exposed to the most horrible destiny; it was whispered that Hitler's Germany could well be compared to this. I never got a full answer when I asked why they did not go away, many being of foreign nationality, but I understood it had to lot to do with silk and cotton manufacture, and especially oilfields in the Libyan desert where, it was believed, "there was a lot underneath." Precautions, however, were naturally being taken, just in case.

In the last weeks a change took place. None of us could deny that Egypt and the whole Middle East were taking a step forward in their political and economic progress, although we were extremely uneasy every time Gamal Abdul Nasser talked to the American Ambassador, even for half an hour. We wrote letters, quarrelled with our more consistent relatives, explained in detail the geography of the Canal to our colleagues and religiously went to protest meetings. For a short while we deluded ourselves into thinking that we were going to be part of a great rebirth. If money was to be taken away we would gladly give it as well as our help to "reconstruct." But now we know that we are not included; they can do better without our help.

What will become of us here? We can form a separate group of progressive ex-Egyptians, consulted with respect on all matters relating to a people to which we have never really belonged. We can publish, every time a new crisis occurs, hastily written and expert, if not eye-witness, accounts of the "Middle Eastern scene," avidly prognosticating the rise or fall of some unimportant dictator. In other words, we can try to imitate our more capable and more cultured East European predecessors. Or we can just take our place quietly, in the large group of refugees from the wrong side, keeping our voices down so as not to embarrass anyone with our unusual and complicated story.

It is, however, possible that we may still have an honest role to play—perhaps a more useful one than we have ever played before. At a time when the division between Britain and the first, tentative efforts of the Arab people towards a national consciousness appears so wide, we suddenly find ourselves on both sides at once. We can easily overlook our personal position when we see the development of the ideas we had tried to foster. In this we must depend to a large extent on the British left. Let them not assume a look of compassionate sympathy and condolence every time they see us, or clasp our hands with embarrassed murmurs about the recognition of our true value, and our eventual recall in triumph. We shall not be recalled, and possibly rightly so as we have never really belonged there. Our role is now here and they must accept us, and help us to explain the aspirations of a people which has not yet learned to express itself in the sophisticated and subtle language so necessary to the West. They must help us warn the British people from being misled into smug contentment by pacts and treaties with governments who are struggling against the current of history, and against the irrevocable future of their own people.

Halfway House

A FEW weeks ago I had to explain to a foreign friend the principle and operation of the leasehold property system in England and Wales. His mouth and eyes opened wider as I went on, his head moving slowly from side to side. What kind of fools bought leasehold property then, he said? People like me, I told him. They did it because in the places where they needed to live there was no other way of getting a house. To make my point, I cited a case I had noticed in which, three days before the expiration of a lease, a charitable trust which held the freehold had served on the leaseholder a 30-page "schedule of dilapidations." For 20 years the freeholders had shown not the remotest interest in the property. They then suddenly ordered the leaseholder to carry out 159 specific repairs or, in default, to send a cheque for £1,000 within seven days. Some such prospect faces every leaseholder or his children.

Our discussion had arisen from the activities of local leaseholders in the North Lewisham by-election, which my friend, a puzzled journalist, was trying to interpret to his readers at home. Looking for some material which might enlighten him, I fetched up with a Fabian pamphlet on *Leasehold Enfranchisement* by Mr. Arthur Skeffington, M.P., and all that it is possible to say against his brutally lucid exposition is that it makes the leaseholder feel a bigger fool than ever. He quotes the Labour Party's 1951 Manifesto, *Challenge to Britain,* as pledging the party "to give leaseholders the opportunity of purchasing the freeholds of their houses, subject to certain safeguards, when the leases expire"; and he gives this extract from *Labour Believes in Britain:*

> The present antiquated and complicated law of leasehold enables the ground landlord, who has rendered no service whatever to the community, to victimise householders, shopkeepers and business men. . . . In the next parliament Labour will take effective steps to reform the law so as to do justice to the tenants.

In one main respect, leasehold enfranchisement is a matter of the simplest social justice; namely

the things they say!

85 marks for Chemistry — the boy's doing well!

Yes, but I wish he wasn't quite so keen on Science.

Why? What have you got against Science?

I don't think it's the best course for someone who really wants to get on.

Nonsense! The scientist is going to be the key man of the future.

They're certainly not at present. The highest posts don't go to the scientists.

You're wrong, you know. This careers book from I.C.I. shows that the technical man has first-class opportunities with them.

And not only on the scientific side — on the commercial and administrative sides, too.

Oh, a few good posts go to them, no doubt.

More than a few. It says here that 12 out of the 17 full-time Directors of I.C.I. are graduates in Science or Engineering.

Directors? That's a bit ambitious, isn't it?

All right. Listen to this: "of the men holding the 254 most senior posts, 160 are graduate scientists or engineers".

Have it your own way! You always get the better of me in the end.

ICI

P

the procedure by which a leaseholder can purchase the freehold of the land on which his house has been built. I think the fact that this is a declared part of Labour's programme ought to be shouted from the housetops; and if there are any leases with covenants that prohibit housetop shouting (which would not be untypical of leasehold covenants), there the noise ought to be the greatest. In a foreword to this pamphlet Sir Lynn Ungoed Thomas, who with Mr. Leslie Hale, M.P., compiled the famous minority report of the Uthwatt Committee in 1950, says that when he was appointed to that committee he was aware, as a lawyer, of the technical and legal difficulties of leasehold enfranchisement: he was also aware, as a Welshman, of the bitter hardships of the long-lease system, for next to London South Wales is the greatest stronghold of this relic of feudalism. But though he was not at that time committed in favour of it, he was "driven step by step to the conclusion that leasehold enfranchisement is both practical and the best solution of the long-lease problem. The difficulties are not abstruse technical-legal ones, but only difficulties of simple principle and political decision."

Mr. Skeffington makes them look simple enough by comparison, for example, with the party's current proposal for the taking over of all rented houses, which will accordingly need (and assuredly deserves) still louder shouting; but the difficulty of "simple principle" can, as he says, be summed up in the three words—"sanctity of contract." It comes into every argument and every parliamentary debate about the liberation of leaseholders. "Freeholders," said the majority report of the Uthwatt Committee, "object on principle to the fundamental interference with property rights and freedom of contract which the proposal involves." In other words, rejoins Mr. Skeffington, "at some time in the past a bargain was made between the landowner and someone who wanted to use the land; and that bargain, however harsh" (and, he might have added, however cynically imposed) "must be kept by whoever occupies the land and the premises on it today." The "freedom of contract" that gave birth to this incredible system was aptly described seventy years ago by Sir Frederick Pollock:

> It is evidently absurd to speak of freedom of contract in relation to such a system. Desirable building ground near towns, and still more the ground of towns already long occupied, are a monopoly in the hands of the landowner. He dictates his terms to the building lessee, who in turn dictates them to the occupier. . . . In this way the populations of whole cities may be said to live at the will of a few great landlords.

And Pollock then had this to say about the *laissez-faire* attitude of the law of England to the great land-grab:

> In the eye of the law, the Westminster or Bedford or Portman Estate is simply so much land in the County of Middlesex, which the freeholder need not have built upon, or allowed others to build upon, unless he chose. If he does not choose to sell and chooses to grant building leases, it is for people to take or leave.

Nevertheless, the system has a kind of negative support even from some Socialists. Landlordism is a bad thing anyway, they say, and an attack on the leasehold system is merely tinkering with it. This is the view put forward 70 years ago by the Webbs, who laid down a typical counsel of perfection in their *Socialism: True and False*. Fabianism, they said, had no desire to see the Duke of Bedford replaced by 500 little Dukes of Bedford under the guise of enfranchised leaseholders: it preferred to assert the claim of the community to the land.

The Society of Labour Lawyers has expressed the more cogent and practical view that enfranchised leaseholders of small means would be unable to keep their property in repair and would not be likely to prove better landlords than anyone else; a proposition that seems to me so clearly beyond dispute as to afford strong ground for limiting any enfranchisement Bill to the leases of "owner-occupiers." Owner-occupiers in particular, however, are scattered and badly organised. When Mr. Skeffington had given his evidence before the Uthwatt Committee on Leasehold Reform, Lord Uthwatt said to him: "One of the committee's difficulties has been to get comprehensive evidence of leaseholders' grievances. Some of us know they exist, but it is difficult to present a picture for the country as a whole." Associations with that declared purpose are now being formed locally, and the London Leaseholders' Association is promoting a Leasehold Enfranchisement Bill, which says, with unexampled boldness: "The provisions of this Act shall have effect notwithstanding any agreement to the contrary." It gives a right of enfranchisement at any time to anyone *living in a house* (or wanting to do so) in respect of which he holds a lease for 21 years or more at a ground rent that is less than two-thirds of the rateable value. Leases that were not so extinguished would automatically acquire a life span of 999 years. It is a Bill that would confer immediate benefit upon upwards of half a million owner-occupiers, and remove one of the strangest and cruellest injustices of our time.

C. H. ROLPH

A Country That's Waiting

IN East Germany I was conscious of one thing: there are certain words which are not used in the same sense as in the West. "Stalinism," for instance, means opposition to any form of national Communism, whether of the Nagy, Tito, or Gomulka variety. The fact that Krushchev represents, in terms of internal Russian realities, a certain (perhaps not very powerful) reaction against the police state, against excessive centralisation and bureaucratisation is almost entirely irrelevant to an East German. To them, a "Stalinist" is a pro-Russian. It is in this sense that the word is applied to Ulbricht or Grotewohl; and Krushchev himself is Stalinist No. 1. The fact that a lot of things have changed in East Germany since the death of Stalin is really beside the point. Many things *have* changed; but, in relation to Russia, the East German Communist leaders are as diehard as the Czechs and Bulgarians—if not more so. If, for diplomatic reasons, Moscow pulls its punches today in speaking of Tito or Gomulka, Grotewohl and Ulbricht suffer from no such inhibitions.

In reality, there is no cause for fearing a "Gomulka" Revolution in East Germany. There are 400,000 Russian troops there, and very few intellectuals. No doubt, Budapest made a deep impression in East Germany. There were weeks of unrest among the students of the Humboldt University of East Berlin—but not much outside. Characteristically, the authorities dealt with this ferment with a mixture of threats, concessions and some—but not many—reprisals. The students' demand that the compulsory learning of Russian be abolished and that that of Marxism-Leninism greatly reduced, was met by the authorities halfway. There were numerous threats of expulsion—but actually not many were carried out. Of the numerous talks I had with people in East Germany, I should like to quote one with a particularly intelligent student.

> East Germany is the funniest country in the world. Practically everybody here is play-acting. There's one thing certain. We are Germans. We are, nearly all of us, a lot of *petits-bourgeois*, a lot of *Spiessbürger*. We hate the Russians, but we know the Russians are strong, and it depends entirely on them whether at any stage Germany is to be reunited. That's all we are really interested in. Well—not all. We are also interested in whether, at some—perhaps later—stage, the Russians will force the Poles to give us back part of the eastern territories. We're not greedy. All we want back is Breslau, Stettin and Pomerania. At least to begin with. We realise that the Poles will hang on to Danzig and Silesia at any price, so we are not insisting. But perhaps a sort of condominium could be set up in Silesia. The truth is that the less the Russians like Gomulka, the more it pleases us. They are more likely to make a deal with us at Poland's expense.

I remarked that the Russians had always stressed the sanctity and the eternity of the Oder-Neisse Line.

> Oh, that's what they say officially, and it's what they tell the Poles. Ulbricht's official line, too, is that the Oder-Neisse Line is the *Friedensgrenze*—the "peace frontier." But I know very well one of the people very near the top of the party, and he assures me that, in the last few months, the Russians have been dropping hints to the effect that nothing in the world is "eternal." If Stalin isn't eternal, why should the Oder-Neisse Line be? And I'll tell you something: there isn't a man in Germany we hate more than Ulbricht. His hands are blood-stained. But it amuses us, all the same, to see the Russians kow-towing to him—as they've been doing lately, especially since the Hungarians and Poles have ratted on them. For we think Ulbricht may serve a purpose yet. We were the Cinderella of the Soviet Empire. Today we are Moscow's blue-eyed boys. They'll do anything, rather than see us revolt the way the Hungarians did. So we are blackmailing them in all sorts of little ways. Already our standard of living is much better than it was two or three years ago. It's not nearly as good as in western Germany, but it's bearable. Ulbricht and the Russians are pandering to all the low, bourgeois instincts of your Saxon and your East Berliner: self-service grocery shops, radio and TV sets galore, and, above all, that hire-purchase which is a passion with your German *Hausfrau*!
>
> "But what about the party?" I said.
>
> "Like other people's democracies, we have a ruling caste—the profiteers of the regime. These are the people who get nice flats in the Stalin Allee and feed their faces in our two *de luxe* restaurants called (oh, irony) "Warsaw" and "Budapest." The rebuilding of East Berlin amounts to only a quarter of that in West Berlin; so to get a modern flat is something. I daresay there are a number of sincere Communists near the top of the party, though few among the rank-and-file. But I must say that, after ten years of Stalinist indoctrination, followed by the Krushchev Report, it's pretty difficult for anybody to take Communism seriously."
>
> "How pro-western," I said, "are the people of East Germany?"
>
> We are all pro-western—but within limits. But don't misunderstand me. Western Germany is not an Eldorado to every East German. Our working-class is Socialist; and there's been a certain liberalisation in East German industry, with better wages and the setting-up of workers' advisory councils. Ulbricht wouldn't, of course, go beyond that—workers' control savours of Titoism to him. Also, our industry is pretty efficient, despite recent difficulties, arising chiefly from the very poor coal deliveries from Poland.
>
> "What about the young?" I asked.
>
> They are taking it in their stride. They are being courted and flattered. There are distinct advantages in belonging—as most of us do—to the BDJ (Bund Deutscher Jugend)—a cross between the Russian Komsomol and the Hitler Jugend! A lot of students are of proletarian origin. But although they enjoy all the free entertainment provided by the BDJ—clubs, theatres, sports grounds, etc.—Ulbricht has not converted them to Com-

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Manchester Evening News: "Granada's HOME OF THE BRAVE had the impact of a sledge hammer."

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The Star: " . . . worth every one of its 90 minutes . . . the clearest piece of psychological drama I have seen."

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munism. They are waiting like everybody else for something to happen in the international field.

The intellectual life of East Germany is, of course, on the thin side. Many intellectuals have fled to the west. No doubt the Opera in the Unter den Linden is better than anything in West Berlin, and the theatres in the east are of a high (if somewhat conservative) standard—just as they are in Moscow. Sometimes they produce Socialist-Realist monstrosities, like the new Stalingrad play by Becher, but this is not typical. Truly typical of East Germany is the ironical grin and the wink one gets from almost any East German after a few minutes' talk. Yet apart from their "play-acting" and their "waiting" they are also *living*. The party rank-and-file is of no great consequence, and often party membership is like a guilty secret. The technical personnel are, however, efficient, full of pride; and well paid. The officials do their job with all the thoroughness of the German *Beamter*, with the idea that they have to keep the place going.

There is, in all this, an extraordinary local unreality; but behind it, most of them feel, are the vast realities of the world situation, and it is these which give substance to that shadowy country known as the DDR. And two curious phenomena can be observed:

1. Partly because of the consciousness that the DDR *may* matter, and partly because of more bearable economic conditions, the tendency at present is to sit tight and not to leave home. Only 2,000 people a week now leave the East for the West.

2. Most East Germans are closely watching the West German Social-Democrats, with their opposition to Nato and their campaign for the reunification of Germany in agreement with the Russians. What is more, most East Germans do not visualise a reunification of Germany as a simple "annexation" of the east by Adenauer's West. The East Germans may be bourgeois at heart, but they also have a strong Protestant as well as a strong Socialist tradition, and even 12 years of Stalinism has not made them anti-Socialist.

I need not say much here about East German agriculture, the economic sector in which the Russians and the East German Communists made more blunders than in any other. The collectivisation of about 30 per cent. of the land has proved, in the main, a dismal failure; but even so, the principle of collectivisation has not been abandoned. Among private farmers conditions vary from complete ruin to genuine prosperity, even opulence. In any case, every effort is made to prevent any food shortage in the cities with the help of imports from Russia and the People's Democracies. Altogether, it is reckoned that the living standard in East Germany now is only a fraction lower than in Czechoslovakia—so that the economic incentives to revolt are not serious. Politically, too, a revolt is thought to be even more unlikely: it would be incompatible with those silent thoughts on Germany's future inside the skull of every East German, quite regardless of whether he likes, hates or merely tolerates Gauleiter Ulbricht.

ALEXANDER WERTH

"This is not a chapeauterie, sir!"

EATING ONE'S HAT may be all very well where they have chapeauteries (or capeterias). But it is expensive, ostentatious and un-English. How ridiculous the man who rejects his hatter's recommendation with, "I don't like the flavour".

Moreover, hat-eating is a fad of little nutritional value. How different from bread-eating! Bread, say the scientists, is an excellent food in itself. It could give us as much as three quarters of the energy that we—and our children—burn up in a day.[1] And it provides body-building protein and essential vitamins and minerals too.[2] Good for bread!

Those distinguished nutritional authorities Professor McCance and Dr. Widdowson say in a Special Report[1]: "Probably the most important finding concerns the high nutritive value of wheat in any of the forms customarily consumed by man". Meaning bread, of course. Another Panel of scientists and medical men under the Chairmanship of Professor Lord Cohen says: "Bread is the most important staple food in the British diet".[3]

So see that your family eats plenty of bread every day—good and fresh.

1. *Medical Research Council Special Report Series No. 287, published by H.M.S.O. 1954.*
2. *All flour must contain—per 100 grams of flour:* Iron—*Not less than 1.65 milligrams.* Vitamin B_1—*not less than 0.24 milligrams.* Nicotinic Acid—*not less than 1.60 milligrams.*
3. *Report of the Panel on Composition and Nutritive Value of Flour, Published by H.M.S.O. 1956.*

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Fleet Street Notebook

WE seem to be moving rapidly to an era—if it has not already arrived—when it is once again going to be a very profitable business indeed to read newspapers. Or at any rate to buy them.

A very sour view is, it is true, still taken by the Newsprint Rationing Committee of the buying of circulation by free gifts. The newspaper industry has—or so I am frequently told—purged itself of the wild extravagances of the past. Over now are the mad gay days of the Thirties when four popular newspapers alone, the *Express*, the *Herald*, the *Mail* and the *News Chronicle*, spent money at the rate of £3,000,000 a year between them, clothing and equipping hundreds of thousands of the population who were offered mangles, overcoats, silk stockings, flannel trousers, ladies' underwear, boots, shoes, kettles and mincing machines in return for their signature on an order form. Canvassing for readers—"directly or indirectly"—is prohibited. So is free insurance.

But competitions remain. And newspapers are turning to them more and more—as the top executives swap prophecies about the prospective mortality rate in what used to be called, in the comparatively carefree days when the pen was still considered mightier than the sixpenny entrance form, the Street of Adventure. How black, in fact, is the outlook? One leader of the industry this week advised me (naming names) that he found it hard to see how two national morning papers, two Sunday papers and one London evening paper could long survive with costs at their present level. He added that he could see the mark of early death on at least two provincial papers which he also named. Rumours of the impending fatalities in the national magazine field are also current. These gloomy prophecies may or may not prove correct. I do not myself accept the darkest of them. I believe most of the papers whose names are being mentioned will be able to find the resources to ride the storm. I hope so, even although they may be pretty battered in the process. These whispers among what can only be described as serious and informed circles, are symptomatic of the mood among newspaper managements just now. Manifestly it can bring no pleasure to those who fear they may be on the list for non-survival. But it brings no particular pleasure either to the others since they see themselves, as one of the more intelligent leaders of the industry said to me the other day, being left "in a very monopolistic and vulnerable position" if more newspapers are, in fact, forced to close down.

In such a situation the members of an intelligent industry would, one might presume, be getting together to examine every possible means of lowering costs sufficiently to at least keep the existing newspaper population alive. But so far from there being any such joint examination of current problems by all sides of the industry, most of the popular press is, instead, busy limbering up for a new and quite possibly suicidal circulation rise along the one track still left open by the Newsprint Rationing Committee—that of competitions. Those whose circulations are sinking are turning to them in the desperate hope that by such means they may bring in sufficient new readers to bribe advertisers to spend more on their space: those whose circulation is currently healthy are going in for them in the hope of filching still more of the circulation of their weaker brethren. I think in the circumstances the Newspaper Rationing Committee would now be well advised to add competitions—at any rate on the fantastic scale they are now reaching—to their list of banned promotion techniques. But it is very doubtful indeed whether they will do any such thing.

So far the running on this hot and dusty track has been made by the *Daily Sketch*. A very substantial proportion of its rise in circulation over the past 12 months or so has undoubtedly been due to its series of expensive competitions. It has offered as prizes country inns, racehorses, and payment of the winners' income tax for life. It is currently cashing in on the Rent Bill controversy by offering to pay the rent for life of the winner of its latest competition. So far only the *Daily Mirror* has stood altogether aloof from this competition scramble, although the *News Chronicle* is participating in it in a notably restrained and sensible fashion by concentrating mainly on its "Be Your Own Boss" offer, which does require that competitors shall have some serious idea of what they will do with the money if they win. The *Express* is offering motor cars plus large money prizes; the *Mail* a "luxury kitchen installed in your own home," plus a mass of other prizes such as electric washing machines, cookers and refrigerators, in a competition closely linked with the Ideal Home Exhibition. The *Herald*, whose circulation—though a little healthier lately—has been giving consistent cause for worry over a long period, has now jumped into the competition whirlpool with a mighty splash indeed. It is following directly in the *Sketch's* footsteps by offering "A magnificent freehold village store (fully stocked) and home, complete with petrol pumps and lock-up garages—a new life with a clear profit of £20 a week"; it is advertising this offer on commercial TV.

All these competitions contain the usual clause excluding any member of the staff of the newspapers concerned from entering. This seems to me a pity. If Fleet Street is going to meet this new crisis in its affairs in the same old hackneyed way, it seems unfortunately only too probable that before long quite a few journalists may well be glad of a chance of a new way of making a living—or at the very least of a fast car to get away from it all. Unless, of course, some newspaper proprietor hits upon the revolutionary idea that it may still be possible to attract readers by sound journalism and intelligent information.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Ideal Home

I VIEW the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia as a sort of florid uncle with endearingly excruciating taste. Once, as a matter of fact, I watered flowers there, employed by a fruit stand. Hyacinths, polyanthus, tulips. These are the eternal underlying motifs of every mock-tudor exhibition stall, whether it sells vacuum cleaners, vitaminised mussels, or make-up.

Back I went the other day, and smelled the same old smell of Dunlopillo, floss and the caged, thin tremor of hyacinths, polyanthus and tulips. Back to the central hall, which has now been converted into a strange "Continental" market place, a Continent of the dreams of newspapers, of bearded Frenchmen with pointed boots, Italians with stilettos and Spaniards in cloaks. "Gay" awnings cover a stealth of competitive machinery at a central fountain of such astonishing hideousness that it could be the Platonic Idea. Let me describe it. A spiral of plastic camellias (I hope they are camellias) soaring up to an off-blue ceiling, and containing a fountain of slightly suggestive water, horse-yellow. At the base of the fountain, a sort of compact lily pond of further nameless flowers. A wonderful, terrible kind of Fleet Street Omar Khayyám, inky Romantic, exotic Subtopian.

First, Dolly and I were attracted to the Elizabethan Gardens. They cover an immense area and are, in a way, enormously sad and prophetic. They have a 1984 air. These are nostalgic Olde Worlde Gardens, stockbroker showpieces, sad, pastel adjuncts to atom stations and electronic establishments. How well I remembered watering them, the polyanthus, the hyacinths and the tulips. And all this under an artificial off-blue sky lit with rain-cloud neon. Indeed, these gardens could be underground, far down in scientific caves, the top area blasted by radiation, the new garden-loving political gentry nursing their dogs and daffodils under infra-red. A sad scene. There, on garden seats, facing backdrops of hill and dale, sat quite a crowd of picnickers with Thermos flasks and Marmite sandwiches, macked for rain and hail; there was a strange concourse of chauffeurs who were waiting to drive away Rolls-Royces and sleek Jaguars into the film-set distance. Only once, in this tulipped estate, did I see anything of a compelling attraction, a couple of austere walls, economically flowered, with iron-work gates, an oasis of thought and tranquillity in a weeping acre of captive shrubs. Then I heard "Greensleeves"; and right in the centre of this commuters' park was a tiny costumed Elizabethan orchestra, extraordinarily tense, fine and intellectual, kidnapped from the world above, from time, from well behind Kensington.

Where do the Ideal people come from? I have seen them before and they look the same. They come from the smaller columns of the evening newspapers, from television competitions, from public libraries beyond Hither Green. They are the same, the untroubled, the stolid backbone, the beloved floating voters. You will see them only here or on coach tours between Montreux, Rapallo and Venice, patient, shepherded, with a sharp eye on tea and white bread.

The Ideal Home Exhibition is a small town, a microcosm. It is full of good things. What an excellent and charming doll exhibition, for instance. And how the prospect of the Canada Trend Houses could transform the horrible suburban belt. Outwardly the *Daily Mail* house, half-timber and half stone, is extremely pleasant to look at. So much so, in fact, that it immediately invites inspection. Alas, though the room space and cupboards are excellent, the furniture and other adjuncts are in deplorable taste, mock grand, full of that sort of sad chi-chi which seems obliged to form a part of an Englishman's castle.

We passed onto the Art Master stand. "You don't have to be an artist," said a placard, and exhibited a number of highly-coloured paintings. There were Classic sets, Senior sets, and Junior sets. YOU CAN PAINT AN ATTRACTIVE PICTURE IN OILS THE FIRST TIME YOU TRY. Samples: Cuflews in Flight. Officer, R.H.A. Kitten at Play. A Fine Litter. Boyhood of Raleigh.

Upstairs is fine. There is no getting away from it. It is infinitely more gregarious, rumbustious, and extroverted. Labour-saving devices and washing machines. Tiny banks (with tulips, polyanthus and hyacinths), past which I rushed with guilt and angst, railway stands and, delightfully and absurdly, cockles. Out of the corner of my eye, however, I was trying to locate the young lady who undresses in front of a washing machine and throws in her clothes. All in the interests of hygiene. . . . And drink. I will start with the Government of Cyprus stand. Please don't misunderstand my motives. Both Dolly and I were attracted by the charming hand-stitched tablecloths and mats, and we gradually drifted on to the subject of Cyprus wine. This is worth intensive study, and luckily the manager of the establishment sympathised with my interest. In the back-room we tasted Cyprus sherry, Cyprus red and white dinner wine, and a strange liqueur-like wine—called Commanderie St. John. All are excellent, but particularly the Commanderie St. John, about which I received some strange information. The vineyards which produce this wine are the same which provided the

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wine for Richard Coeur de Lion—which disproves the current idea of Cyprus as an "Empire wine" area. It was difficult to sit in this stand gently tippling, and not discuss the subject of Cyprus. There were two girls in national costume at the counter, and the delightful manager, and the strange background of the Cyprus government. It all seemed oddly unreal. "No politics, old chap," said the manager, pouring out another glass of Commanderie St. John.

Our next call was on Edna Kono Tey Ahulu and Mr. Hammond of the Ghana stand. Edna is as open and as warm as a sunflower and as dark as a moonless night.

"You almost make me blush," she said to me.

She comes from the town of Odumas Kyobo in the Gold Coast and is studying music here.

"But Mr. Hammond is the boss," she told me.

"No, she's the boss," said Mr. Hammond, flashing white teeth. "The Queen of England spoke to her when she came round yesterday."

"Do you like the High-Life?"

"Yes, we like the High-Life," we said.

"Then you must come to our Ghana Independence dance next Thursday," he said, "and by the way, this is our new coat of arms which is formally established tomorrow."

We looked at it. Cocoa tree and mine shaft on both two quarters. FREEDOM AND JUSTICE. Then, too, there was a flag. Why not a quick visit to Ghana, the newest country? We haven't been there yet, have we?

But on we went to wine tasting. And in a modernistic Ideal Home bar with abstract furniture and neo-Georgian candelabra we met an Irish couple, sharp, soft-tongued Dublin. "We're keen on the wine-tasting, too," said the husband; "could I invite you round to the Merrydown stand. . .?"

ANTHONY CARSON

The Arts and Entertainment

Strange

How unpredictable, after all, is the British musical public! Every impresario will tell you that to slip one quite harmless modern work into an orchestral programme is enough to deplete the house; two will empty it. Yet at this moment a young and highly gifted French pianist named Philippe Entremont must be telling his Parisian friends a very different story. "You have no conception", I can hear him saying, "how formidably musical the London public is, how avid for novelties! We did a programme there the other day which contained only two old favourites, Stravinsky's *Oiseau de feu* and Ravel's *Boléro*; I played Jolivet's Concerto and the piano part in a choral work by Constant Lambert called *The Rio Grande*; the rest of the programme consisted of Varèse's *Ionisation* and Antheil's *Ballet Mécanique*. Well, I can tell you, the Festival Hall was packed, and the enthusiasm was tremendous. If only we had a public like that in Paris!"

What is the explanation of the mystery? Many of the L.P.O.'s audience were not, I fancy, regular concert-goers; and I would take a bet, if there were any way of proving the matter, that few of them had ever previously heard of Varèse, Antheil or Jolivet, who are indeed, to put it charitably, very minor composers. What then had drawn them? Simply, it seems, the title. This concert, the third of the "Music of a Century" series to each of which fanciful titles have been given, was quite accurately billed as "Strange Orchestras". The strangeness, as usual, consisted mainly in the extent and variety of the percussion department; and the percussionists of the L.P.O. had one of the busiest nights of their lives. Edgar Varèse's *Ionisation*, for instance, (1924 according to the programme, 1931 according to Grove) is scored almost exclusively for percussion, and consists of a commendably brief and rather dashing series of explosions and counter-explosions scored, with considerable subtlety, for some forty assorted percussion instruments played (on this occasion with the utmost virtuosity) by thirteen performers. I don't want to hear *Ionisation* often, but it was certainly fun for once; and the audience was delighted. But, to be honest, they were equally delighted with everything: with the chaotic Piano Concerto of Varèse's pupil, André Jolivet (whose declared aim is "direct contact with the universal cosmic system" [*sic*]), and with the *Ballet Mécanique* of George Antheil, a work roughly contemporary with *Ionisation* and sharing some of its characteristics—including something called "time-space construction"—but seeming interminable in practice, largely because of the almost continual use of a pair of xylophones, an instrument of which a little, in my experience, goes a very long way. I hope it was not chauvinistic of me to feel that Lambert's *Rio Grande* showed up, by contrast, as a work of lasting value. M. Entremont made the most of the brilliant piano part, and that very promising young contralto, Miss Helen Watts, brought out all the sensuous beauty of the final pages. Hermann Scherchen was the efficient conductor.

Perhaps, if Signor Michelangeli had advertised his reappearance last week as "Strange Concerto", he too would have had a completely (instead of almost) full Festival Hall. It was certainly enterprising of him to give us, not Rachmaninoff's C minor or D minor Concerto, but his neglected No. 4 in G minor. This is a beautifully written piece with a character of its own, drier, more sparkling and less voluptuously nostalgic than its predecessors; but it suffers from the serious drawback of poor thematic material. It is generally said to have been killed for us by the resemblance of the opening theme of its slow movement to both *Three Blind Mice* and *Two Lovely Black Eyes*; but even in Berlin, where the composer gave the work its first European performance, and where it is unlikely that either of these tunes is familiar, I remember that there were complaints about the movement's thematic poverty. Nevertheless, it is well worth hearing, and it greatly improves on acquaintance, as I know from having several times recently played Rachmaninoff's own recording, made in 1941 with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy and just published here in LP form. So far as I could detect, Michelangeli played his part with the utmost brilliance and discretion; the qualification is necessary because, from where I was sitting, much of the figuration upon which he was so busily engaged was totally inaudible. The fault seems to have lain with Sir Malcolm Sargent's too breezy handling of the accompaniment.

Another occasion which packed the Festival Hall was the Hugo Wolf recital by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Wolfgang Sawallisch. The admirable programme contained none of the Wolf chestnuts like *Verborgenheit*, and included some of his greatest and least familiar lyrics, such as *Nachtzauber* and *Geh', Geliebter, geh' jetzt*; to collect three thousand Londoners for such a programme was an achievement. The charming soprano was in fine voice, and she threw herself into each song with a communicative fervour that entranced her listeners. Her quicksilver *Erstes Liebeslied eines Mädchens* was a *tour de force*; the ending of *Auf eine Christblume* could hardly have been more delicately handled; her interpretation of *Geh', Geliebter* caught all the urgency, if not all the passion, of that amazing song. Yet there is a recurrent something in Mme Schwarzkopf's style, as a Lieder singer, that troubles me. Her platform manner is admirable, but her delivery is a fraction too saucy: too *keck*, as the Germans say. Her programme contained many humorous and whimsical songs; and all these she put across in a style that was unquestionably and invariably effective, but that struck me sometimes as—how shall I express it?—nor'-nor'-west of the genuine thing. The proud and scornful beauties of the *Italienisches Liederbuch* seemed, at moments, to be wearing the dirndl and plaits of the operetta soubrette. In *Wer rief dich denn?* a final effect which needs no more than a subtle change in vocal colour was brought off by means of a little catch in the throat; in *Du denkst mit einem Fädchen mich zu fangen* the audience broke into loud mirth and applause after the *first* statement of the last line, without waiting for the repetition which clinches the point—an incident which could not have happened, I believe, if the singer had not "egged on" her listeners by too early and too lavish a display of her skill as a comedienne. If these were isolated instances they would not be worth mentioning; but they were symptomatic of a certain tendency to step outside the frame of good Lieder style into something less pure and less elevated. For the rest, the afternoon brought great pleasure, not least in the ideal accompaniments of Herr Sawallisch. His fame has been made as a conductor, but I have never heard more exquisite Lieder-playing; his imitation of a halting violinist in the postlude of *Wie lange schon* was merely the most conspicuous example of his admirable art.

A very distinguished recital was that given by Gérard Souzay in the Wigmore Hall on Friday of last week. If he is not so uniformly successful in German songs as in French, he is always a most complete and engaging artist, and his voice seems lighter in colour and finer in grain than when last we heard him. His singing of a Lully air and of Ravel's *Hebrew Songs* was especially memorable; and he was throughout sensitively accompanied by Dalton Baldwin.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

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Extrovert and Introvert

It is not surprising that an artist as versatile and restless as Michael Ayrton, who has already achieved a reputation as a painter, critic and theatrical designer, should have finally turned his attention to sculpture as well. His first exhibition of sculpture is being held at present at the Leicester Galleries. Mr. Ayrton is working in a naturalistic idiom and has taken as his main theme a series of figures in motion. One is struck at first by the vigour and ease with which he has mastered the new medium. On closer study, however, while the technical proficiency becomes more and more impressive, much of the initial feeling of vitality and exuberance evaporates. This is because Mr. Ayrton creates excitement by the rather artificial means of emphasising the most unexpected aspect of his subject matter. Many of the sculptures are of acrobats poised on the end of long poles, which are, in turn, balanced on the tops of fragile-looking platforms. It is obviously a remarkable feat to be able to endow subjects as fundamentally unsculptural as these with perfect stability; this Mr. Ayrton does, and furthermore he succeeds in giving these figures poised in space a sense of solidity and weight.

On the other hand, he fails to convey the sensation of tension and movement that would bring his performers to life, so that ultimately one is left with the impression of a technical *tour de force*. Neither is the originality of the idea behind these works sufficient to disguise a certain fundamental lack of visual imagination. For the most part Mr. Ayrton avoids any kind of exaggeration or distortion, but at the same time he has a tendency to overstatement. For this reason the simplest, least highly finished sculptures are the best. The small statuette of a man carrying a child on his shoulders is, for example, less fully realised but more moving and compelling than the very large version of the subject which dominates the exhibition. The sculptures are surrounded by some twenty drawings, and the least elaborate of these are excellent. The large study of a child riding on a man's shoulders is particularly fine, while a study of a woman undressing makes one wish that Mr. Ayrton would forget his acrobatics and come down to earth.

The art of Louis Le Brocquy, an Irish painter who is showing his recent canvases at Gimpel Fils, is in direct contrast to that of Mr. Ayrton. Whereas Mr. Ayrton's work is extrovert and direct, that of Mr. Le Brocquy is retiring and elusive; his paintings often border on abstraction and he relies on suggestion rather than on definition to achieve his effects. Mr. Le Brocquy is clearly aware of all the latest developments in modern painting and he owes much to Francis Bacon. However, unlike Bacon and his followers, Mr. Le Brocquy makes no protest about life; indeed, he makes no comment about it at all. His emotional detachment gives his work an air of quietness and tranquillity, and much of his originality lies in the fact he uses the technical devices of expressionist painting to enhance this effect. He works with a puritanical palette of white and pale grey, but manages to convey a sensation of form and movement with a minimum of means. In Francis Bacon's paintings the figures have a nightmarish reality which is intensified by the way in which they seem to decompose or decay in front of our eyes. Mr. Le Brocquy's figures, on the other hand, materialise slowly from the canvases and then dissolve again into the light and space by which they are surrounded without our ever having established any definite contact with them. Many of his paintings are entitled simply *presence*, and this conveys perfectly the spectral quality which they evoke. Some people might feel that Mr. Le Brocquy's painting is too ephemeral to be completely satisfying, but nobody could deny that he is looking at the world in a new and individual way. Mr. Le Brocquy's artistic development has been slow, but with this exhibition he emerges as an assured and significant painter.

JOHN GOLDING

A Long Way After Socrates

Since *Gun Law*, the best of the Westerns, is shown at 9 p.m. on Mondays on the commercial channel, it is important that the first and second subjects dealt with in the BBC's *Panorama* (which begins at 8.45) should be sufficiently compelling to still the switching finger.

By an amusing coincidence, *Panorama* opened last Monday with a long filmed account of a visit by Aidan Crawley to the cattle-farmers and cowhands of the West. He found out about their lives, learned that a cowboy's job, like that of country people in more backward lands, is governed by the sun rather than the clock ("He works from when he can see until he can't see"); and occasionally, to the embarrassment of some of those he was interviewing (who had only the haziest idea of the whereabouts of Suez), slipped in questions about the Middle East and recent Anglo-American disagreement.

This made truly meaty TV material—with cattle lowing plangently and jostling in the background, beefy men haggling over prices in the Kansas City stockyards, and the slow twanging drawl of the rangy cow-punchers. In comparison, *Gun Law* seemed dapper and artificial. The actual content of Mr. Crawley's interviews, however—and of others contained in Monday's edition of *Panorama*—ought to be looked at with some care.

Modern TV interviewers have developed a highly efficient technique of apparent objectivity. Except by Mr. Dimbleby, the victim is never referred to. Searching questions are fired rapidly at him; they are baldly phrased and delivered in a cold, deadpan monotone that contains no hint of *nonne* or *num*. Though a Victorian statesman might have knocked a stranger down, or at least snubbed him, for addressing him so familiarly, this is in its way an admirable technique—a great improvement, obviously, on the old, slow-witted, wambling style ("Yes, well, that's *most* interesting. . . . Now I wonder, Mr. Snooks, if you'd be kind enough to tell me . . ."), which always reminded me of the coded colloquies of music-hall thought-readers.

Nevertheless, it is almost certainly true that there is no such thing as an absolutely objective interview. Cross-examining counsel is at his deadliest when his questions sound most unemotional. Socrates would not have been executed if he had merely wanted to know the answers to his questions. Men like Crawley, Muggeridge, Wyatt and Chataway are much too intelligent not to hold strong views of their own about the subjects, particularly the political subjects, on which they interview people; nor do they, on entering the studio or taking their apparatus to a distant trouble-spot, strip their minds naked in some ideological decontamination-chamber. Though I am sure they make great efforts to be fair, to explore all sides of every problem, it is impossible that, unconsciously if not consciously, they should fail to select those questions which will tend to produce the answers they personally desire.

Now a further coincidence has to be noted. All these current interviewing stars of *Panorama* are men of the Right. The answers that they desire and secure are, therefore, the answers that the Establishment—and especially the BBC authorities and the Conservative Government—desire to have transmitted into millions of homes. It is unthinkable that the BBC would employ for this important propaganda task—so much more effectively done because the propaganda is imperceptible to the average viewer—anybody whose questions might shake even slightly the foundations of the present social and economic system:

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Socrates, for instance, or Mr. Michael Foot or Mr. A. J. P. Taylor or Mr. Pritt or (if he were not an MP and could prune his interrogatory style) Mr. Sydney Silverman. Yet there is no self-evident reason why questions likely to produce answers that might excite dangerous thoughts in the viewer should be less apparently objective than the questions now asked. That is purely a matter of technique.

This general tendency was well illustrated on Monday night. Mr. Crawley (who recently left the Labour Party after publicly opposing the Party's attitude on Suez) was fortunate enough to find, among the Americans he was interviewing, some approval of the Anglo-French aggression in Egypt. (One man said, "Britain made a great mistake ever leaving Egypt.") I am not suggesting that these interviews were in any way rigged: they were patently genuine. Since these Americans gave Mr. Crawley these answers, it was legitimate to include them. But I wonder to what extent the balance of the answers in this interview corresponded with the general balance of American opinion; and I feel fairly sure that this item would not have been given quite such prominence in *Panorama* if its bias had been entirely hostile to the British Government.

In the same programme Mr. Wyatt, who is soon to marry into Debrett (but has, so far as I know, no present intention of following Mr. Crawley out of the Labour Party), asked a number of people, mostly peers, what they thought about reform of the House of Lords. This, again, was a good item, expertly put together, and Mr. Wyatt extracted some interesting answers, such as the Duke of Bedford's pathetic admission that he didn't have "any qualifications at all" to be a legislator, Mr. Wedgwood Benn's constructive proposal for converting the Privy Council into a second chamber, Lord Alexander's criticism that the present peers had "insufficient experience of real industrial and working-class life," and Lord Ogmore's perhaps unfortunate comment that "there'd be quite a rush for peerages in the Labour Party if they were paid." But the general impression conveyed by these exchanges was that the House of Lords ought to be modernised, refreshed, streamlined, by some modification of the hereditary principle and the creation of life peers—and this is exactly the impression that Lord Salisbury himself would wish to have conveyed. Mr. Wyatt omitted to ask the one vital question: would not any such reform, by increasing the efficiency of the House of Lords, inevitably increase its prestige, in relation to that of the Commons? As Lord De L'Isle and Dudley—himself till lately a senior Minister—observed, any major reform must affect the powers as well as the composition of the Lords.

Mr. Chataway, being younger than his colleagues, is not yet, perhaps, so set in his opinions. He sometimes calls himself a progressive Tory. His return bout with the editor of the *Empire News*, whom he had accused of irresponsibility and sensationalism in publishing a series of articles exposing alleged abuses in a mental institution, was first-class television—though the editor scored a shrewd kidney-punch by accusing *Panorama*, in return, of sensationalism in having shown the birth of a baby.

TOM DRIBERG

Van Gogh Story

IT is an odd fact that in films painters should come off so much better than musicians. Chopin, Berlioz, Verdi, Handel, most of the great composers, have been horribly mishandled; while the approach to Rembrandt, Lautrec, and now Van Gogh has been at least sober. Why is this? I suppose that in the case of the composer the temptation to swell a romance and back it with a pot-pourri of airs has proved irresistible, and that the painter offers no such easy short-cut. He can't embrace a dream-girl and paint a well-known picture at the same time. That is to put it crudely; but be sure, if there were a way, it would have been exploited. Whatever the reason, some respect for art and the artist does distinguish these painters' biographies. *Lust for Life*, the Van Gogh story at the Curzon, is no exception. We are both relieved and disappointed. It is much better than one might have feared. It is not all it might be.

To begin with, it comes from a novel by Mr. Irving Stone. Mr. Stone, like so many of us, had gazed at the paintings and pondered the letters; then he went on to clip the letters into a continuous narrative; from that, and finding the market strong, he went on to fabricate the novel. If from novel to film seems a natural step, so much the worse for the cinema: obviously a good film could only be made by going back to our double experience of Van Gogh (paint and correspondence) and making a fresh exploration in terms of the cinema. It is, you may say, only a matter of small differences; but in a narrative like this, passing from hand to hand, the differences mount up, till in the end, between us and Van Gogh, there is a veil of compromise.

Then style. The fault of films about painters is that they try to look like paintings themselves; Rembrandt sits in a Rembrandt top-lit gloom; the plush restaurant and the swirl of petticoats must ape Lautrec; in the case of Van Gogh, imitation by photograph being out of the question, producer and director have plumped for a generalised painting effect of Dutch interior and Meissonier outdoor. And this in a Metrocolor which distorts more than Van Gogh ever did, with no corresponding gain: Gauguin and he sit outside a café drinking absinthe, and in their glasses it is apple-green.

Finally, Van Gogh himself (Kirk Douglas). The last two times I saw Mr. Douglas were in Homer and Jules Verne, and it's a pleasure to find him looking, and even behaving, reasonably (or unreasonably) like the *fou-rou* of Arles. He does pretty well; and it's not his fault if what he gives us is a likeness in movement rather than the man himself. That weakness goes back to the novel, which diluted greatness and added only a thimbleful of understanding.

But it did—and the film does too—picture for us that quarrel with Gauguin, the badger and the wolf, the clash of natures, the sliced ear, which hitherto had been a blank we could fill in as we liked. Anthony Quinn's Gauguin is a sharp portrait, cool, brutal, and to the point: in fact, with his appearance one suddenly realised that what the whole film needed was less the generalised sympathy with Van Gogh collected from various sources than a harsh outside eye, capable of seeing tragedy in a clear light. It seems to me there are only two ways of dealing with Van Gogh, the one as hard and exterior as possible, and the other in terms of his own distortions. The first would be the natural way for films. *Lust for Life* softens what should be hard, tickles us with artfully contrived originals of people and places (the postman and the Mairie), employs the unreal prisms of drama (Van Gogh having held his hand in the flame goes out immediately to a café and picks up his laundress), and for all its good points of faithfulness and sobriety stirs the spectator less than it should. However, as so often happens, the magnitude of the subject to some extent transpires, and I dare say those who have never read the letters will find it more satisfying.

A funny film of a familiar kind is the Boultings' *Brothers in Law* (at the Gaumont), which details the first steps in becoming a barrister, manages to be both boisterous and witty, and leaves us with the impression—possibly quite unfounded—of being wildly true. Ian Carmichael as the new boy and Miles Malleson as an old one especially haunt, and an outing with the Law Golfing Society completes our terror of the law.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

WHAT IS BRITISH SOCIALISM?

SIR,—Professor Homan asks: "What then is 'the road to Socialism'?" He implies that there is no road to Socialism, only to a democratic capitalism purged of class and educational privilege. One answer to his question is that Socialism is essential to the welfare state.

The welfare state—that is: family and other allowances; free educational, health and other social services; subsidised insurance against sickness, invalidity and unemployment; subsidised housing and amenity services—is accepted by the majority of labour voters as a Good Thing. Without it there can be no approach to social security and no mitigation of the grosser inequalities of income. But how is it to be supported? Taxation at the present rate appears intolerable to the majority of tax-payers, especially as the erosion of the higher incomes has now reached a point at which the bulk of taxation has to fall upon the middle and lower incomes. I say "appears" intolerable, because the psychological burden of social expenditure is enormously increased by our method of allowing people to acquire an income and then taking part of it away from them. In the Soviet Union they do things much better: the state retains control of that part of the national income that it devotes to administration, "defence," social services and capital-formation, and allows the citizens to earn only as much as it deems fit for them to spend.

The implication of this is that, if the welfare state is to survive, the state must find a source of income of its own, a source to which it has a claim prior to that of wage-earner or profit-receiver. The only source that I can see is that of productive property. The state must come, in some way or another, to *own* a very large chunk of the land and capital of the country. This may not be a popular policy; but, unless it is pursued, the policy of improved social services, which is a popular one, will become impossible. You cannot for long socialise the means

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of consumption unless you first socialise most of the means of production.

Increased productivity (desirable for its own sake) is no answer to the problem, since the demand for social services is likely to expand as fast as real product per head expands.

H. D. DICKINSON

18 Little Stoke Road,
Bristol, 9.

DOCTORS' PAY

SIR,—Last week you said that doctors are insisting on "the rigid application of the Spens formula as they interpret it." You have fallen into the error of supposing that there is more than one interpretation of the relevant passage. I do not have it before me, but the sense is that the pay of doctors shall be adjusted to keep pace with the cost of living, and shall have regard to conditions in other professions. Now, you do not have to be strong on logic or legal argument to be able to distinguish between "and" and "or." The second leg of the Spens formula cannot be alternative to the first, but only supplementary to it. (It might become pertinent, for example, if other professions were forging ahead in their living standards, and it was felt that for doctors merely to hold their own was not enough. We live in an expanding as well as inflationary economy.)

You further state that the Spens formula is more than the doctors can reasonably ask, and the government is clearly entitled to re-examine it. But it was only when this formula was made the contractual basis that the doctors agreed to enter the Health Service. When they placed themselves financially in the hands of the health minister, they did so on express condition of receiving a guarantee against a falling living standard. It is beside the point to say this was more than should have been offered them, for the parties were dealing at arm's length.

You even go to the length of saying that the guarantee should not have been maintained as long as it has been, but should have been set aside in 1951, instead of being confirmed. Where on earth will the British government stand in future dealings if it takes this attitude to its promises? Surely its honour has been dragged low enough in the last six months?

GORDON WATSON

Cree Bridge House Hotel,
Newton Stewart.

SIR,—Last week you were very firm in saying the doctors' claim in the Spens formula should be rejected. But why? You don't normally advise governments to discard undertakings that are inexpedient. And what is wrong with sliding-scale cost-of-living agreements? Are they not sound industrial practice in other fields? The alternatives of *ad hoc* wage claims every two years, with their angry disputations and threats of stoppage, do much to poison industrial relations. The Health Service is really better without them.

In the past the middle-classes in this country have always felt their interests to be those of the upper-class, and have in consequence been solidly Tory. The inevitable pressure of competitive capitalism—inflation, the rent acts and the like—is not only turning them away from Conservatism; it is, whether we like it or not, forcing them to organise, just as the working-class was forced to organise seventy years earlier. If we don't move up and make room for them in British Socialism, if we oppose their new trade unionism, they may go into politics on their own account. And that sort of thing leads to Fascism.

NICHOLAS MALLESON

44 Hamilton Terrace,
N.W.8.

PRISONS AND PRISONERS

SIR,—I wonder if I might comment on the remarks of Mr. H. A. Prins concerning the problem of after-care for discharged prisoners? While I too am sure that Mr. Rolph does not wish to give the impression that there are no after-care facilities provided for the discharged prisoner on a national scale, one cannot but feel that his implied criticisms are often justified.

Consider first the category of prisoners in receipt of "statutory" (i.e., compulsory) after-care. Mr. Prins is right in saying that the intention of the Criminal Justice Act, 1948, in this matter was to provide something more substantial than the kind of assistance provided in the old days by the local D.P.A.s. Nevertheless the impression I gather from probation officers whom I know personally is that while they do in fact provide after-care for the "statutory" categories of prisoner the amount of time which they can devote to this task tends to be severely limited.

The essential idea behind the Maxwell Report applies to all categories of discharged prisoners; that material aid should be subordinate to social assistance in its broadest terms. This is precisely the kind of help which requires a great deal of time and patience besides a fundamentally good relationship between the social worker and the prisoner concerned. One doubts whether the probation officer, however well intentioned, is always able to establish such a relation. Where the short-term prisoner is concerned the picture is somewhat different, but there remains a substantial minority who become the basis of future recidivist populations. Surely it is to these people that the responsibility of society is greatest. Mrs. Shirley Turner has already described in this correspondence one attempt to deal with the problem of the homeless offender, but however valiant the efforts of Norman House they can represent only a minor part of the total effort which is needed. The whole system of after-care should be oriented in terms of constructive casework and although the number of highly skilled caseworkers required is in excess of current supply, there remains nevertheless a substantial body of potential voluntary workers whose energies on the whole are perhaps not utilised to the full. The prison visitor, for example, by his weekly contact with the prisoner, is often able to build up an extremely good relation and comes to know a great deal about the prisoner's character, problems and needs which could scarcely be elicited from a few formal social work interviews. At the moment the activities of the prison visitor are confined to work within the prison, for the Commissioners do not encourage—for certain good reasons—the extension of the visitor's interest to the prisoner's family during his sentence. It is a fact, nevertheless, that many visitors do give help and assistance to discharged prisoners when they seek it. With suitable training (and this is essential), in the form of evening courses, study week-ends, etc., this not inconsiderable group could be effectively mobilised.

Fundamentally it is a matter of *caring*, and cannot be separated from an intimate and lasting knowledge of the individual concerned. One hears too frequently from recidivists the feeling that if someone had cared about them when they first came out of prison, had been interested in really helping them to find a job, lodgings, or settle family differences—a person who saw them as being important, they might never have returned to prison.

TERENCE MORRIS

Belmont Hospital,
Sutton.

DICKENS AND DOSTOEVSKY

SIR,—Mr. Snow writes that "if Dostoevsky had been an Englishman with the gallows as much in his mind as it was in Dickens's, he would have ruined the best parts of both novels." Surely the gallows was rather more in Dostoevsky's mind than in that of Dickens, since he underwent the ordeal of being condemned to death and was only reprieved at the last moment. It was hardly the accident of the Russian legal code that saved him from "a sadistic miasma" which would otherwise have seeped through into "Raskolnikov's confession of the trial of Dimitri Karamazov."

GRAHAM GREENE

London, W.1.

THE USES OF LITERACY

SIR,—The reviewer of Mr. Richard Hoggart's *The Uses of Literacy* in your issue for March 2 attributes to me an originality, and a status as originator, for which it would be indecent in me, as well as ridiculous, to accept the credit. He speaks of "Dr. Leavis, Denys Thompson and their followers" and says that *Culture and Environment* was Mr. Hoggart's "starting-point." But I (along with Mr. Thompson) am as properly to be called a follower as Mr. Hoggart himself is. I wrote *Culture and Environment* in a week (with Mr. Thompson to advise me as to tact and tactics from the schoolmaster's point of view), and I was able to do so because the real work had all been done. The material I arranged to form that opuscule was taken from the documentation accumulated for *Fiction and the Reading Public*, a massive thoroughly documented and argued study already published, and one in which I can claim no part. Your reviewer speaks of Dr. Leavis and Denys Thompson as "concentrating upon the effects of advertising and mass production." But *Fiction and the Reading Public* was very far from offering the limited scope suggested by that account of *Culture and Environment*. The product of a wholly original kind of research, it was a "socio-literary study" that did indeed "break new ground" and introduce new ideas and new methods: among other things it made a pioneering inquiry into the old working-class culture of which the new processes of civilisation were eliminating the traces—an inquiry that was greeted with angry contempt by Harold Laski and the left-wing intellectuals of the nineteen-thirties.

The quoted phrases in my last sentence come from your review of Mr. Hoggart's book. I make this point because your review of *Fiction and the Reading Public* a quarter of a century ago was headed "Best-sellers Massacred" and carried out in that spirit: it contained not the slightest hint that any sociological intention or interest might be found in the book under review (and *Culture and Environment* a little later was dismissed in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION with a contemptuous paragraph). Your reviewer says that Mr. Hoggart corrects the "too-exclusively middle-class outlook" of the pioneers. Wondering what could be meant by "middle-class outlook" as applied to *Fiction and the Reading Public* (to which in *Culture and Environment* I referred the reader back), I find myself suggesting that the phrase *has* some point as applied to a left-

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BRANCHES AND AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

wing intellectual journal that treated Mr. Hoggart's predecessors in the way I record and the outlook of which on the literary side is fairly represented by the exaltation of Max Beerbohm into a major figure in contemporary letters, a fidelity to Norman Douglas (even—or especially—at D. H. Lawrence's expense), and Critic's comment, when Desmond MacCarthy was knighted, that it "ought to have been an O.M." At any rate, it seems to me (since sociology is in question) that there is matter for profitable sociological inquiry here.

Downing College, Cambridge. F. R. LEAVIS

EASTER LILY

SIR,—Sean O'Callaghan's book about the I.R.A. is a collection of *Picture Post* photographs, and some selections from newspaper reports of court proceedings, helped out by "recollections" of executions of informers and policemen. I would not trouble myself with him one way or another were it not for the fact that he appears to give your reviewer the impression that the I.R.A. is composed of the sort of "man who hates coloured students who walk out with Irish girls." This is a line of attack that Sean O'Callaghan has picked up in England since he went over there and is to be taken more seriously than the Zane Grey bits of his book, because it is the less easy to disprove.

I cannot give you dates and figures as to the state of mind of I.R.A. men in regard to coloured students. I can only say that I live in a part of Dublin in which many coloured students live. The flat above me is occupied by coloured students. It is no uncommon sight to see a coloured student and an Irish girl walking together. My wife has lent delph to a coloured student in the same house, and stopped to make tea *à l'anglaise* in preparation for a visit from his Irish girl friend.

I have never heard any verbal abuse of coloured students here or in Belfast. I have never heard of any Irish organisation, the I.R.A., the Orange Order, the "B" Specials, or any other, having any bias one way or another, on having any official opinion about coloured students. I *have* seen a huge meeting which overflowed the Mansion House, addressed by T.D.'s and speakers of every sort of political party, protest against British policy in Africa.

I think the Catholic clergy would be surprised to get a good word from me, but at least, it can be said that the only thing an Irish Catholic priest had to do with the hanging of Dedan Kimathi was to stay with him, at his own request, till the rope, of which your reviewer was part proprietor, was put round his neck.

No, Mr. Fraser, look over your own shoulder. There are laymen and clerics in Ireland who would welcome, and have openly praised the "Fascism in the name of Jesus" described in Kingsley Martin's splendid article, and I would scorn their approbation, even in the matter of you and Sean O'Callaghan, but persecution and murdering coloured people is *your* privilege. BRENDAN BEHAN

15 Herbert Street, Dublin.

GHANA

NELSON publish the dynamic life story of the African most in the news this week—the man who has 'led his own people to freedom,' and now sees the colony of the Gold Coast become the independent State of Ghana. *40 halftones and 4-colour endpaper maps* 21*s*

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KWAME NKRUMAH

Prime Minister of the Gold Coast

NIGERIAN BRIDE-PRICE

SIR,—Mr. Brian Carney misdirected himself in his "Fight against Slavery" as far as Nigeria was concerned. Being a Nigerian girl myself, I feel obliged to tell the public what really obtains there, and not what Mr. Carney thinks obtains.

The phrase "Bride-Price" is wrongly thought in the case of a Nigerian bridegroom to be presents given in form of money to the parents of his bride-to-be. In the olden days it used to be in form of small drinks, crops and other allied materials. But with the emergence of British coinage, the total price of these presents was reckoned and given to the father of the would-be bride in money. This is done mainly to keep the age-long tradition and not to buy the bride, as Mr. Carney asserted. In other words, it is the reverse of the English custom of paying dowry to the bridegroom-to-be, or could these bridegrooms be then called slave-bridegrooms?

People grew into the habits of giving the parents of their wives-to-be exorbitant amounts at their own expense, hence the government fixed amount. This does not make the bride a slave still. This is one of those problems emanating from people trying to substitute English phrases for things that are purely Nigerian.

58 Finborough Road, London, S.W.10. OMOBOLANLE AKPATA

PORTUGESE FASCISM

SIR,—I think that Mr. Kingsley Martin must be congratulated for his brilliant article on the policy of the Portuguese government. May I add that the Portuguese government is faithful, loyal and devoted to the teachings of the Pope—the members of the government belong to the Roman Catholic religion—religion which is strongly opposed to divorce, freedom of conscience, Socialism and protestantism.

However, it is ironic to note that this same Roman Catholic church does not object that the "Portuguese government allows, regulates and profits from a very large trade in prostitution."

London, N.19. S. D.

SIR,—The casual and uninformed reader of Mr. Martin's article on Portugual this week would have been badly misled by his failure to include facts of which he could hardly have been ignorant. He stated that from 1910 until 1932 Portugal "enjoyed civil liberty," an unfortunate choice of words as all three could be questioned very strongly. He did not say that during this period there was complete economic and political chaos, let alone a rule of law to ensure a theoretical "civil liberty."

Whatever the reasons for the failure of democracy in Portugal we cannot but regretfully admit that it did not take root. Mr. Martin's article gave the impression that the advent of Salazar snuffed out a budding democracy instead of creating political and economic stability out of chaos. Must those of us who believe in the democratic system stoop to the level of the Communist and claim that our system can be successfully and immediately established whatever the circumstances?

80 West Side, S.W.4. N. J. SPEARING

GREEK PRISONERS

SIR,—The Greek Minister Plenipotentiary must be in a tight spot when he has to raise his own aunt sallies to knock them down.

I did not say that prisoners had been transferred from the Corfu Prison to hospital. I gave an example of a woman detainee denied medical treatment. Nor did I raise the question of whether democratic candidates can be elected as mayors. My main concern was the 500 men and women held in the Agios Efstratios camp. In October, 1956, a delegation of opposition deputies, including those of the liberal parties, visited this camp. They unanimously recommended that it be abolished and that detention without trial be ended.

Perhaps it is because these parties represent the majority of voters at the last Greek general election that Mr. Cosmetatos side-steps the issue. He cannot, of course, give any good reason why Greek citizens are held without charge or trial for more than ten years.

BETTY AMBATIELOS

SIR,—Mr. Cosmetatos' reply to the letter revealing the existence, in Greece, of camps similar to those in which Cypriot patriots are held in Cyprus, was most unsatisfactory.

We Cypriots—and I speak on behalf of many—are constantly asked about this by the many British friends who support our cause. As Greeks we would prefer not to have to air this matter before the British public. But, since it has been raised, may I say that most of us believe it is high time the Greek government brought an end to the position where we are struggling for Cyprus' freedom with one hand tied behind our backs.

Let the Greek government end concentration camps and detention without charge or trial. This will ease the way for many British friends to support our condemnation of the same thing in Cyprus.

ANDREAS ZIARTIDES,
General Secretary
Pan-Cyprian Federation of Labour,
23 Hornsey Lane Gardens, N.6.

O.K. FOR ANGST?

SIR,—A small point in Mr. Shawe-Taylor's excellent article is in need of correction. Bartok's question, "Is my music modern enough?," was asked not of Sibelius but of Nielsen in 1927 (not 1920, as erroneously stated in my book on the latter) at the Frankfurt I.S.C.M. Festival. If it was indeed a joke, Nielsen (despite his lively sense of humour) may not have perceived this, since he said afterwards that such a question from so gifted an artist greatly disturbed him. In any case, to quote this question is not to impugn Bartok's sincerity, though if it is taken seriously it certainly suggests a confused attitude comparable to that of Dr. Adorno.

ROBERT SIMPSON

WILSON ON WITCHCRAFT

SIR,—My review of Miss Christina Hole's book on English witchcraft appears to have been subject to a malevolent force. The surname of one witch has somehow been suppressed. The great ecclesiastic Jewell has been practised upon and turned into Sewell. The covens and their sabbats have been disguised in spelling. Most serious of all, however, I appear to have referred to the futility of witches' sexual rites. I would never make such a charge against anybody's sexual activities. I intended, of course, fertility.

ANGUS WILSON

[With our apologies to Mr. Wilson goes the observation that his proof appeared to have been corrected by his broomstick rather than his pen.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Svengali on Stage !

THERE have always been directors in the theatre, though there has not always been the term. Someone has always had to make the rudimentary decisions; from which entrance the actors shall come on, where they shall place themselves, which exits they shall get off by, and when. Someone has always had to conduct the rehearsals. Not that rehearsals have always been thought essential. In the eighteenth century, as Mr. Norman Marshall* reminds us in his very balanced and fair-minded book, acting and production had become stereotyped by tradition and convention, rather in the way that opera had until recently. Just as internationally famous singers flew in one afternoon and took the principal place in a stock production of *Rigoletto* or *Bohème*, whether it was in New York, London or Milan, so a Kean would go down to Croydon and expect to fit his Shylock into a local production of *The Merchant* without the tedious necessity of running through the play first. If for some reason rehearsals were thought desirable, the leading actor would not bother to read, much less to act, his part; he would content himself with "giving the cues." When Macready decided to rehearse "with the same earnestness as I should act," it all but caused a strike among his company. Still, even so, someone had originally arranged the stock movements of the stock company. This would be the stage manager or one of the actors.

So, in England, things more or less continued until the era of the actor-managers. They were their own directors without calling themselves such. Unselfconscious, but able craftsmen, they put the plays on in the manner best suited to their own styles of acting. Abroad, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Meiningen in the Seventies is usually claimed as the first fully fledged director in the modern sense. The owner of a private theatre and a private company, he created the first complete producer's theatre. He designed the settings and dresses himself, and controlled every movement and gesture of his company to accord with his over-all conception of a play. The Grand Duke's practice had a very wide influence; for his company made frequent tours of Europe, and they were even seen in England. Antoine in Paris, Stanislavsky in Moscow, Reinhardt in Berlin (and Tree in England) were among those directly influenced by him.

In Saxe-Meiningen's theatre we see the first attempt to conceive of the theatre as a self-conscious art-form. The Grand Duke, some present-day theatre-goers may think, has much to answer for; and certainly he opened the doors on a curious array of monsters. What vistas of opportunity theatrical direction opened up for the artist *manqué*! Better even than criticism! There it was, a whole world in little as his plaything. He could establish an absolute dictatorship: decide that the world was round or flat, real or not real, abstract or representational. He could Svengali his devoted players into abstract contortions for the good of their bodies, or (a favoured art producer's madness) send them into the fields as farmhands for the summer for the good of their winter souls. And he could revenge himself on nature for failing to make him a playwright by massacring other people's work.

Considering the opportunities the métier offers, the race of directors has, one may think, been comparatively liberal. Germany, with Russia a close second, has been the paradise of directors, flinging about their various "isms," constructivism, expressionism, theatricalism, to match their vast and reeling conceptions. The French, as might be expected, have ordered things more sensibly. From Antoine to Copeau they have concentrated on the play, on acting as a group activity, on mime, on diction. The English, whether from their phlegmatic temperament or the fact that their theatre was closer bound to the cash-nexus, were altogether less exotic and exhibitionist. But as Mr. Marshall, who is agreeably nationalistic, is careful to remind us, they made their quiet contribution to what was an artistic revolution.

Curiously enough it was the English who supplied the supreme propagandist of theatre as art. This was (is, I should say, for he is happily still among us) Edward Gordon Craig, whose essays and dialogues on the theatre have just been reprinted† in the original format which proclaims their date and setting, the artistic world of the nineteen-hundreds. Craig, coming from a distinguished theatrical family, began his career acting under Irving, whom he greatly admired. Then he became a designer, and finally a theoretician. Whether this was because no one, as he claimed, would give him the chance to practice his theories, or whether, as others claim, because his theories were hopelessly impracticable, is still argued. We need not at this date, perhaps, worry about the wrongs and rights of his case (Mr. Marshall, after a full inquiry, comes down against him). Certainly he went very far. He had already reduced scenery on his drawing-board to a series of screens, aptly and appropriately lit. But presently he moved on to a position where first the actors and then the playwright were found to be interfering with his solitary vision of pure theatre. Away with scenery, away with actors, away with plays! What then, you may ask, are we to go to the theatre to see? "Pure movement!" answered Craig.

> There is a thing which man has not yet learned to master, a thing which man dreamed not was waiting for him to approach with love; it was invisible yet ever present with him. Superb in its attraction and swift to retreat, a thing waiting but for the approach of the right men prepared to soar with them through all the circles beyond the earth—it is Movement.

No one can ever hope to go further than Gordon Craig went in 1905 in trying to free the theatre from those vulgar encumbrances and limitations which still seem to addicts of pure theatre to prevent it becoming a true art-form. But Mr. Marshall, while he pays a tribute to the debt the theatre owes even to the dottier of its devotees, is too sensible to be referring to them when he announces sadly "The era of the producer is over." What he laments is the passing of the producer in the Saxe-Meiningen tradition who worked with his own permanent company under his own management. Only by such, he claims—by the Copeaus, the Stanislavskys, the Jouvets—can an individual style of acting and production be created, and only by such creations can the art of the theatre be explored and advanced. Producers of this kind also, he suggests, create playwrights, for authors, seeing that there is such a theatre to write for, are prepared to try the form, as Obey did with Copeau and his *Vieux Colombier*, or Chekhov with the Moscow Arts Theatre. Isn't Mr. Marshall, though, being unduly pessimistic and premature in writing off the producer's era? After all, as Mr. Kenneth Tynan has pointed out, he omits from his survey America (and Israel and a number of other lively centres). Even in New York, where the theatre might be accused of being even more basely commercial than our own, Mr. Elia Kazan has been able to create a distinctive style of theatre with its own style of acting, based on the "method" of Stanislavsky, and has produced playwrights (Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams among them) to write in the style. Admittedly in England we have not been so fortunate. We have in this, as in so many other things, adopted the compromise. We have formed, instead of permanent companies (except for the brave Theatre Workshop), semi-permanent companies, like Stratford and the Old Vic. Most of our promising young actors and actresses go through one or other of these mills, and I am sure that they are already doing something—and will in due course be seen to be doing much more—towards creating a distinctive national style of acting.

Meanwhile, in the ordinary run of the theatre we have been landed with this comparatively new figure the director (or producer) and do not quite see how we got along without him all those years. He has become a key man. There are still, of course, a few diehard ritualists who fight a rear-guard action against the inevitable. It is virtually impossible for them any longer to defend the old practice of the leading actor as his own director, and though this is still occasionally done (and well done) it is, as Mr. Marshall shrewdly points out, most successful when the actor has already played that leading part before and can concentrate on directing. The last refuge of the diehards is to echo Bernard Shaw's claim that the author is the only proper person to direct his own plays. This may seem reasonable at first glance—for who should know better than the author what he wants done with his own play? But the view doesn't stand up to argument. For one thing the author is no less likely to be a raving egocentric than the director. He passionately believes that all his jokes are good ones and that every word he has written tells. It is never so. Shaw obstinately refused to have a line of his cut or altered, and we can only echo Ben Jonson's sigh about Shakespeare. There is no play of Shaw's that

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* *The Producer and the Play*. By NORMAN MARSHALL. *Macdonald*. 30*s*.

† *On the Art of the Theatre*. By EDWARD GORDON CRAIG. *Heinemann*. 25*s*.

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would not be improved by sensible cutting. And this surely applies no less to the best-known author-director of our time, Berthold Brecht.

So, a director it must be, and the director must of course be a paragon. His is the most delicate and ticklish of tasks. Added to his technical skill (which nowadays has to be considerable) he has to hold the balance between two excessively egocentric human groups, the actors and the authors. One might add a third—himself. The temptation to impose upon both his own idiosyncratic view is strong and ever present. We have all seen the results of his not resisting it. Humility of the right kind is the first essential, but on the other hand that by itself is not enough. Mr. Marshall, who has never been among the exhibitionists, is particularly good on all this:

> Jouvet, who as the humblest of producers, used to say that the essential qualification for his profession was "docility of mind, absence of imagination." But it is too sweeping an assertion. . . . Sometimes he did a disservice to the author of a less good play by being too uncritically faithful to the text, too unwilling to allow his imagination to play on the more barren patches. A producer must find the right balance between criticism and appreciation.

There is a great deal to be said about the director and his function; and Mr. Marshall says most of it very well. I'm not sure it can't be summed up in one sentence. Let the director remember that he is only an interpretative artist; the excesses we sometimes have to endure from him are the result of the executant trying to usurp the function of the creator.

T. C. WORSLEY

Othello's Dream

On either side of the public way,
Great dreams wait for a man to stray
Under their wings from the light of day.

I saw a black man on a stage,
But did not guess his blinded rage
To murder love was my heritage;

Till of his presence the stage was bare
And I was the black man stamping there,
My fingers gripped in a woman's hair.

I heard my own voice from a cloud;
"The myth has caught me!" it cried aloud,
"I have lost myself in its jostling crowd."

Then through my lips the great words ran,
I knew too well how they must scan,
They were meant for me ere time began,

And helter-skelter, neck and crop,
Through words and deeds without a stop
I harried on to curtain drop,

So married to the dreamer's need,
I only knew I had to speed
To the catharsis of his deed.

But when the final word was said,
Pale as her smock upon the bed
The woman, and my hands stained red,

I heard a voice cry, "all is lost,
But lost and found, and now at last
We speak together, ghost to ghost."

Oh, bless the circumstance and time
That lends its moment for a crime
To purge itself in space and time,

Brings Desdemona to the Moor,
Beyond the murderous threshing floor,
Winnowed of lunatic and whore."

THOMAS BLACKBURN

Kwame Nkrumah

Ghana: Autobiography. By KWAME NKRUMAH. *Nelson. 21s.*

When I first went to the Gold Coast, almost exactly ten years ago, it was presented to me by my kindly British hosts as a model colony, where Black and White live together in perfect amity, and the shades of Aggrey and Guggisberg still brood benevolently over the playing-fields of Achimota. Only a doctrinaire, ignorant of the country, could expect to find the weed of nationalism growing in so well-kept a garden. True, there was an extremist lawyer called Dr. Danquah (whom it would not be at all *bien vu* to visit), who from time to time said unkind things about the British. But he counted, fortunately, for very little. And there were a few unsuccessful teachers and clerks with half-baked political ideas. But they counted for even less. The Chiefs—with their picturesque ceremonial—and the great mass of the rural population, bless them—illiterate, uninterested, and uncorrupted—were on our side. After another two or three generations of education, maybe, some form of self-government might become a practical possibility. Meanwhile, the D.C. in his bungalow, the Black man at his gate, God made them, high and lowly, and ordered their estate.

It is a measure of Kwame Nkrumah's achievement that this fantasia of ten years back should now seem so incredibly remote. And one merit of his autobiography is that he gives us some insight into the methods whereby the "model colony" has been transformed into the first independent Negro-African State within the Commonwealth. The elements were all there—as in a confused way I was aware—in 1947, when Nkrumah returned to the Gold Coast after twelve years in America and England. His skill lay in the synthesis. The deep resentment of the ex-Servicemen, the gay self-confidence of the marketwomen, the exasperation of the unemployed ex-Standard-VII boys, the opposition of the "youngmen" to Chiefs who cared more about the favours of an alien Administration than the loyalty of their people, the Ewe renaissance, the Ghana myth—these were some of the pieces that lay to hand. What Nkrumah understood, more clearly than anyone else, was how to fit them together to make a coherent pattern. The new unifying idea which he imported into the Gold Coast—the product of his readings in Hegel, Lenin and Garvey, his nights in the New York subway, listening to Harold Laski's lectures at the London School of Economics, and working for the West African National Secretariat—was the idea of organisation. "My aim was to learn the technique of organisation. I knew that when I eventually returned to the Gold Coast I was going to be faced with this problem." It was the possession of this idea that gave Nkrumah such an immense advantage over the upper-middle-class lawyers of the United Gold Coast Convention, who summoned him from England to be their paid secretary, for whom politics meant a genteel round of speeches, manifestoes, and committees. Translated into practice, this idea of organisation meant the great gatherings in the Accra Arena, with their revivalist atmosphere, and "Lead Kindly Light" adopted as the party anthem; the slogans and songs that anybody could understand —"Forward ever, backward never," "There is victory for us"; the pungent newspapers and broadsheets, in the tradition of early 19th-century radical journalism; the Ghana Colleges, for expelled schoolboys and sacked teachers; the journeys to remote parts, to found branches or address meetings, in lorries that were continually breaking down. It meant building up the party, as the focus of popular loyalties and enthusiasms, to the point at which it could displace the colonial State. Above all, it meant Kwame Nkrumah in the role of dedicated leader, living for his party and his people, without personal cares and interests, working a twenty-hour day, accessible to every suppliant.

This is a good self-portrait. Nkrumah writes

easily and well, when he is not having to bother about rhetoric. He tells us much that is interesting about Nkroful, the village near the Ivory Coast frontier where he was born; his father, the goldsmith; his teaching days; the influence of Achimota and the Catholic Church; his hard life as a student in the U.S.A. He has a kind of basic honesty and simplicity that prevent him from wishing to conceal, or embroider, his past. He is equally explicit about his American girl-friends and his revolutionary activities in London: Portia appears as well as Palme Dutt. A good deal of the exuberance, wit, and sheer delight in life, however uncomfortable, that are characteristic of Ghanaians, comes out in this story. For example, Nkrumah describes how he joined Father Divine's movement while in New York, because he discovered that by simply raising his arm above his head and whispering "Peace" he could get a haircut and a good chicken meal at cut prices. There is a sensitiveness about him too, most evident in his accounts of his relations with his mother, with his landladies, and with his intimates within the C.P.P. It is this capacity for responding quickly—for listening to everybody, meeting everybody at his own level, stripped of class or race prejudice, giving people the feeling that they matter—that has helped Kwame Nkrumah to dominate the political life of Ghana for the past eight years, and to deal with Secretaries of State for the Colonies with the same kind of consideration as he shows to the fishermen of Dutch Kommenda. But this goes with a remarkable singleness of purpose. In spite of the criticism that the old revolutionary austerity has been sold for a wilderness of Cadillacs, it is, I think, really the case that money bores him; food as a rule bores him; women who want to claim his time and attention bore him. Whereas anything that bears, even remotely, on the problem of African independence interests him profoundly. (I suspect that Nkrumah has taken much more trouble to find out what French West African leaders are thinking and doing than any other British West African politician.)

Whether the hour produces the man, and whether, in default of this man, it would have produced some other, is an unanswerable question. In any case, this particular hour produced Kwame Nkrumah, and his genius fitted well with the needs of the time. Those who belittle his contribution are not those who could have done better themselves. All the same, this book worries me. It is perhaps Nkrumah's virtues—his combination of simplicity and single-mindedness—that are most disquieting. Is he aware of the dangers of deification? This is not clear. When, towards the end of the book, Krobo Edusei says—"After all Kwame Nkrumah is the C.P.P. and the C.P.P. is Kwame Nkrumah"—Nkrumah does not reply "Rubbish," or give Krobo a lesson in political theory. The troubles of the last three years are dismissed as the final stages in the conflict between "feudalism" and "democracy." I myself believe that there is more truth in this explanation than many would allow. But is it quite as simple as that? Have all "defectors" been on the Right? Nkrumah's account makes clear what a difficult period this must have been for himself and his party, when a single false step could have produced so sharp an internal conflict that independence might have been indefinitely delayed. But in all the latter half of his book, covering the past six years of C.P.P. rule, there is scarcely a breath of self-criticism, or party criticism, or recognition that some of those who now oppose the junta may be moved by essentially the same generous ideas as led Kwame Nkrumah and his friends to attack the old junta in their springtime of revolt.

What is hopeful is that for Nkrumah, as he explains on his last page, the independence of Ghana is only a beginning—a means to a more complete liberation of all Africans. Can he continue to play a leading part in this next stage of history? He has many gifts. He has much more understanding of what is going on in the world than most Prime Ministers. He is only 47. I hope so.

THOMAS HODGKIN

The Happy Pill

A Drug-Taker's Notes. By R. H. WARD. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

The argument for taking harmless drugs like mescalin and lysergic acid (LSD 25) is that they offer us a larger apprehension of the octave of consciousness, heighten our experience of line, light and colour, take us into regions of intellectual beauty, and give us an ineffable if passing sense of enlightenment and understanding. There is also a therapeutic value: the drug may be useful to the psychiatrist as a "control," in recalling forgotten things to the patient's mind and in dealing with cases of schizophrenia. In *Doors of Perception* and *Heaven and Hell* Mr. Aldous Huxley went further. He suggested that there was a close relation between the visions seen under the drug and the visions of mystical experience. This had always had a basis in human chemistry. Now it could be stimulated by the drug; fasting and self-flagellation were out of date. To be just, he did not say that mystical experience was open to all of us. Everything (as he has so often said) depends, in the end, on talent; and in addition to this, our experiences with mescalin and lysergic acid are predisposed by our state of mind when we take them. We may easily experience hell instead of heaven. Once more, scientists are telling us what artists and seers have always known. Mr. Huxley was, of course, aiming at a synthesis of artistic and religious intuition with scientific discovery; the weakness of his theories is that they were set down after only one dose of mescalin. A new drug-taker, Mr. R. H. Ward, took a course of six and is far more sceptical. He came to the conclusion that narcotic, schizophrenic and mystical experiences are not the same thing. A point to be noted here is that some forms of mystical experience have been speculatively traced to a disorientation of the sexual life: mescalin and lysergic acid—Mr. Ward's drug—are anaphrodisiac.

Mr. Ward's experiments were undertaken under the supervision of a doctor in hospital and his book consists of the notes he himself took at the time and his discussion of them. It is a layman's book; what the doctor said is not recorded. Much of what Mr. Ward saw closely resembles Mr. Huxley's hallucinations, but he is far less suggestible aesthetically and he obtained no religious experience. He entered the horrific phase at the second dosage and went on to others in which the material seemed to him merely grandiloquent and ended by becoming vulgarly comic, futile and topical in a random way—topical, in the sense that the drug merely used what was nearest to hand and nothing outside it. He was surprised but not elevated by seeing his pyjamas ringed by blue flame at the edges. To the reader his narrative is both absorbing and exasperating. No one who has been in love, who has had vivid dreams, who has been drunk or has had moments of inspiration, is in pressing need of lysergic acid.

Yet why not (as Mr. Huxley suggested) use the drugs as a technical aid for making more certain, frequent and easily available the intense, magnified and timeless experiences of life, which ordinarily came to us by chance—if it is true that they do come by chance. The drugs produce symptoms similar to those originated by adenochrome which is a product of adrenalin in decomposition and which is already respectably established in our bodies by nature. It must be repeated that the drugs do not add new material. We are not transported to a voluptuous paradise unrecognisable to us. The curtains of barbaric splendour, the embossed patterns seen by Mr. Ward, rose out of the glum orange curtains of his room; it was his wall that came alive and part of himself or, at any rate, as intimate as close-up could make it; when he experienced a horrific sense of death and the decay of the body—this had been stimulated by some irritable general guilt about taking drugs and by the howling of a dog outside the room. Significantly, he began to think it wrong to be a guinea pig. He was, in effect, seeing more slowly things which are available to

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most people of intense sensibility and imagination; seeing slowly, despite the speed with which the images changed, because the drug destroys all sense of duration. This is, perhaps, its most important effect. Still—why not? It would be convenient to know when we were likely to be most inspired and most self-transcendent. I find myself agreeing with the rather recalcitrant Mr. Ward that there is all the difference in the world between the adventures of passive experience induced from the outside and experience which rises actively and out of the inner conflicts in ourselves. No artist ever worked by pure inspiration and without dedication or habit for any length of time. In religion or in art inspiration is fertilised in a marriage with the active will and purpose. The surrender of the will under the drug makes the vision ephemeral, self-sufficing and self-suffocating. One cannot have what one has not earned. Much of what Mr. Ward saw he calls ragbag stuff; it looks as though we individually know what is waste matter in our consciousness. Psychiatric patients have told us how, at first, they dreamed the "wrong dreams."

Mr. Ward, then, disbelieves in the short cut. It can be argued that he was puritanical. It can be said that, on his own terms, he simply got out of his experiments what he put into them and that Mr. Huxley put more. Mr. Ward was afraid of annihilation and Mr. Huxley says that no self-respecting mystic ever is. Mr. Ward may very well have been inhibited from having religious visions because he was determined not to do so. He was too anxious to maintain the difference in kind. All the same, he makes the strong point that the drug disintegrates whereas the mystic discovers himself to be integrated by his vision. On the other hand, Mr. Ward has his own rashness. He thought the experiment gave metaphysical evidence of a past and present living simultaneously and (I gather) outside of memory. Even more, he plays with the idea of adding a simultaneous future. He is less interesting than is Mr. Huxley on the relation to artistic sensibility. The similarities of drug image and artistic image suggest that, in attempts to convey the ecstatic, the wonderful and magical, we fall less into the conventions of rhetoric than we might think. Our images are often factual. Phrases like "blinding radiance" have correlatives that can be detected if not described under the influence of the slow-motion, magnifying drugs. And yet when he uses alcohol, the artist loses sensibility and precision; he blurs and vulgarises. At its best, the literature of vision is still a curiosity and a speciality. It is cursed, even in its beauty, by its effortless freedom.

Mr. Ward does not say very much about the therapeutic value of his experiences because he writes as a layman. He recognised that he had provided his doctor with a crude general allegory of his life. He keeps the moral argument in abeyance. But we can ask: What if we do not take lysergic acid voluntarily but have it forced upon us? The Inca priesthood kept the coca leaf for their own purposes. What do we say if—as happened when the Spaniards came to Peru—a drug kept for special purpose is generally distributed, so that a whole people loses its will in its response to conflict and plumps for the visionary life? What if the heavenly, hellish or harmless qualities of lysergic acid are used to provide the passive alternatives to consciousness acted upon by the will? What if you do not need to write Shelley's *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty* because you have had eight hours of a hundred-gram dose?

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The Wordsworth Jungle

William Wordsworth: 1770-1803. By MARY MOORMAN. *Oxford* 50*s*.

Over a period of thirty years Professor de Selincourt and Miss Helen Darbishire have opened up the jungle of Wordsworth documents by a series of determined route-traverses. Perceptive single studies of Wordsworth have slowly accumulated. But until the poems had been thoroughly edited from the many surviving manuscripts, the letters collected and put in order, Dorothy's *Journals* accurately transcribed and the record of her life set down, the detailed mapping of Wordsworth's life could not profitably be attempted. Even when the pioneer work was completed, anybody attempting a fresh critical appraisal of Wordsworth's poetry was faced with some dispiriting machete work if he was to establish the biographical detail to which the criticism would have to be referred. This first part of a two-volume *Life* is therefore welcome and timely.

In her Preface Mrs. Moorman modestly claims not to have found out "many new facts about Wordsworth." To have discovered the Godwin and James Losh diaries, and to have thrown some new light upon the schooldays, upon Racedown, Alfoxden, and Goslar would seem unspectacular enough. But although the broad outline of the early years remains unchanged, Mrs. Moorman has so enriched it with detail and made it so much more coherent than it ever was before, that the period stands forth almost as a new thing. The most impressive achievement perhaps is to be seen in the passages of social and local history: accounts of the many places where Wordsworth's story is set, of the Lowther lawsuit, the undergraduate world of Cambridge; information about members of the family, and about those friends and acquaintances that flit like half-remembered names across the scene. The stories of Annette Vallon and of Michael Beaupuy are filled out; the account of Wordsworth's revolutionary activity is clarified; the narratives of the tour in France and Switzerland, the visit to Germany, and all the comings and goings in England and Wales before the first settlement with Dorothy at Racedown are clearly unfolded. With great care, Mrs. Moorman has unravelled and dated the biographical content of *The Prelude* and other poems.

The period of childhood and youth moves out of the rainbow mist of recollection into an intelligible pattern as he moves uncertainly towards his final dedication to poetry. His love of the soldierly virtues, his fascination with revolutionary events in Blois and Paris, the fluctuations of his social and political conscience, his strongly ambivalent feelings about London, his one endearing outcry against the all-sufficiency of "rocks and waterfalls": all these are recorded together with more purely literary matters like the history of *The Prelude*, the plan for *The Recluse*, the provenance of the *Lyrical Ballads* poems, the record of his literary creditors, his discovery of the sonnet. With a steady zest for fact and significant detail, Mrs. Moorman quietly adjusts a date here, a place-name there; identifies a person, a house, a book; adds a touch of verifiable information from an obscure contemporary source. The cumulative result of this refining and adjusting process is of first importance. All is presented in clearly ordered sequence, the erudition very lightly worn. It is difficult to believe that much of the detail will be modified by later inquiry.

Mrs. Moorman evidently decided to "stick to the facts" and to avoid controversy and speculation. The book is strongest when it is breaking new ground in the earlier years for which Wordsworth himself is the only witness. The revolutionary episode in France stands out as the one major passage of excitement and vitality; for the rest, the narrative moves with the same uniform texture and emphasis as *The Prelude*, a steady flow that tends to obliterate crucial issues. "His poetry is itself the chief justification for a biography." *The Prelude* therefore serves as a central source of information—"as a reliable guide in all that concerns the growth of his mind."

There are many early manuscripts of *The Prelude* to intercede between the truth and the posthumous edition. Yet the problem of delineating Wordsworth's "mind and soul"—even as a poet—is from the nature of the materials difficult, perhaps insoluble. Nobody could accuse Wordsworth of a confessional turn of mind. He went a long way to record the "spots of time" that were the focus of his poetic life, the visionary trances, the discipline of fear and beauty, his powers of vivid recollection. But for all his psychological interest he did little to explore the dark abyss of his own mind. He kept no intimate journals; he did not examine his major crises in depth; his letters are seldom unguarded; and the central autobiographical document on "the growth of a poet's mind," though drawn from quite a wide range of experience, is fashioned into the selective formalities of epic verse. Wordsworth himself said that he "had nothing to do but describe what he had felt and thought; therefore could not easily be bewildered." Many a biographer and poet would shudder at those words "nothing but." If Wordsworth is to stand alone on his own evaluation, the figure may well not be fully drawn: he may become simply the man who could reasonably be expected to write the sort of poetry that would have the effect Wordsworth hoped his work would have upon the world. But the relation between a man and his work, like the action of suffering, is often "obscure and dark." If we are interested in the man—and that presumably is a biographer's prime concern—there are many passages that cry out for deeper exploration.

As the book moves into the Alfoxden days, and into times of more intricate and intimate personal relationships, there is a tendency to neglect the plentiful but complex evidence from outside what Coleridge naughtily calls "the concern." The wayward but incisive comments of Lamb and Coleridge—even some of the adverse ones—are quoted but not seriously analysed. Yet a detailed inquiry into the relations between Wordsworth and Coleridge would probably throw much light upon the question of Wordsworth's poetic inanition to the brink of which this volume brings us. There is now, however, hope that the portrait of Wordsworth can be rounded out by finely controlled, sensitive, and courageous meditation upon the facts here marshalled for inspection.

GEORGE WHALLEY

Medical Men

Doctors in the Air. By ROBERT MAYCOCK. *Allen & Unwin.* 15*s.*

Doctor Goes East. By GEORGE MAIR. *Peter Owen.* 18*s.*

Prelude to Healing. By WILLIAM J. MACMILLAN. *Faber.* 16*s.*

One of the charms of being a medical man is that in the common-room, ward-room or mess (and at the dinner-table if he has a good head and rigid powers of self-control) it is his professional right and responsibility to shoot a better line than any of his colleagues can possibly do. They never find busts of Napoleon wedged in the alimentary canal, or save choking millionaires by tracheotomising them with the game-carvers.

Even so, I doubt if there ever was a line better worth shooting than Wing-Commander Maycock's. One has to judge this by inference from his book, for he unaccountably forgets to shoot his own line and shoots everyone else's instead: I doubt if he was only the interested spectator, the Doctor Watson, of the ingenuity and personal courage he describes. There have been several films dramatising the work of aviation physiologists, but these have trampled over the subject rather than brought home in cold terms the risks which the research-workers in wartime, and the volunteer guinea-pigs at all times, have taken to overcome the difference in mechanical strength and resistance to accelerations and stresses between metal structures and human bodies. This is a likable and readable book on its subject. Unlike some lay accounts it is also accurate. Its scope is rather strictly limited to the physical problems of air medicine—anoxia, night vision, escape from aircraft, protection against accelerations: it does not say much about the effects of morale and the personality of work carried out with such narrow margins of safety. So far as the medical and scientific workers were concerned, one of the overwhelmingly sustaining factors must quite simply have been interest—the desire to know why and to beat the particular problem in hand. This in itself produces a special grade of courage. The exhibitionist and the would-be suicide are useless volunteers—they are not interested enough in what is happening to them to keep accurate notes.

Wing-Commander Maycock's book brings home one problem which he does not mention, and which he himself would not, I feel sure, find over-difficult. In the flurry of the war, with the bombs dropping, the doctors flew on operations; they had to know the conditions and the men. I wish the equivalent was commoner in civilian medicine: how many of us have been inside a factory? In perfecting means of escape from aircraft and safer landing devices they were saving life, and it would not, I imagine, be over-easy to insist on the distinction between work to save more of our men and work to kill more of the enemy's, even if one recognised that there was a distinction. The Air Force medical men of the last war were a credit to medicine. But I doubt if it will ever again be possible for medical men to take the part in Service life which these men took, a part which differed in kind from that of the infantry M.O., without abandoning the indispensable tradition of medicine that it has no hand in destructive activities, whatever their justification.

Some of the peacetime heirs of these doctors, who let themselves be shot from aircraft at absurdly high and low altitudes, or pitched into swimming baths under an anæsthetic to test life-saving gear, are the air pathologists, who reconstruct the cause of accidents from the injuries on the bodies of the dead, or who design crash-helmets. These experiments are mostly grim rather than dangerous, but there is still the odd test which has to be made on the live subject for the first time (with the advent of manned rockets there will be more and more such tests). It is right that the pilots of today, and their passengers, should know enough of this work to give honour where it is due.

Against this Dr. Mair bids with informal travel. He gave me sufficient pleasure simply by his evocation of life on a ship: his line has a little of *The Sea and the Jungle*, and made me share his experience. I am quite willing to bet that the most lunatic of the happenings are the most probable, especially the conversation about the reality of mermaids. He has taken down his messmates verbatim, or nearly verbatim—he also asked questions ashore all over the Far East, and has a good eye for detail. If you want to banish your doctor from his urban practice, lend this to him.

Only magic can trump disease as a subject of talk, so the late Mr. MacMillan, a faith-healer in spite of himself, should have had a better line to shoot than any of his colleagues who underwent the formality of taking medical degrees. Unfortunately this book, unlike another by the same author quoted in the text, but which I haven't read, makes no reference worth mentioning to his powers, except obliquely—it is chiefly Pooteresque and rather egocentric autobiography. A book for disciples, not for me.

ALEX COMFORT

Conservatism From Above

Lord Derby and Victorian Conservatism. By W. D. JONES. *Blackwell.* 37*s.* 6*d.*

This careful and scholarly biography of the 14th Earl of Derby is a good antidote to most recent analyses of Victorian society and politics. Instead of focusing attention on the cotton-mill and the counting-house, self-help and mutual improvement, it begins and ends at a manor-house near Liverpool. In between there is a sprinkling of references to grouse and gout and to the other better-known Derby (although neither horses nor dogs figure in the index). The main emphasis, however, is on Lord Derby's public career from his entry into Whig politics as member for a rotten borough in 1820 to his retirement as Conservative Prime Minister in 1868 just after he had made the "leap in the dark" and enfranchised large numbers of urban working-class voters.

Derby was three times Prime Minister of Britain, always at the head of minority governments, and clearly he cannot be dismissed as a political "sport," a quite exceptional aristocrat retaining political power in a predominantly bourgeois society. The aristocratic element in mid-nineteenth-century Britain must never be undervalued. It accounted for much, not only in the making and breaking of Irish policy, on which Derby always held strong views, but also in the shaping of strictly internal policies, particularly the evolution of franchise reform. Once he had rid himself of fear of revolution, Derby could see politics from above, try to by-pass the middle classes altogether and join hands with Disraeli in extending democracy. In 1867 he was seized with the vague idea, as a hostile Tory critic in the *Quarterly Review* put it, that the working classes, "those whose vocation it was to bargain and battle with the middle class must on that account love the gentry; an impression . . . that the ruder class of minds would be more sensitive to traditional emotions." Having accepted the idea, he leapt into the fray with the same abandon that had earned him earlier in his life the title of "the Prince Rupert of debate." After Disraeli had vaulted and somersaulted his way through the House of Commons, Derby set out, as stolidly as Wellington, to immobilise the House of Lords. Although the immediate results of the Reform Bill were not favourable to the Conservatives and Derby was driven out of office by ill-health before the electorate could demonstrate its lack of confidence, the ultimate results for his party were much less disheartening. Derby and Disraeli between them—the one relying on social standing, the other on ambition and brains—had guaranteed the future of the Conservative party. It estab-

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lished itself as flexible and resilient—disgruntled Tory critics called it weak and treacherous—and its flexibility and resilience were to prove more useful long-term assets than either Whig intransigence or even Liberal principles.

It has been said that the British Conservative party in any generation is always faced with the choice between a Disraeli and a Peel. Even granted that such ideal types are available in however imperfect a form, by themselves they are not enough. Derbys are always necessary too, men who will either set sober, useful and rather prosaic reforms in a traditional mould or tame the excesses of unbridled and opportunist imagination. In the nineteenth century, before 1846, Derby tried to put the calico-spinner Peel in his place—as Dr. Jones hints perhaps he wanted "deep in his consciousness" to take Peel's place—and Peel never felt wholly at ease in the presence of his noble subordinate. After 1846 he tried to educate Disraeli as much as Disraeli tried to educate him. On more than one occasion he had to warn him not to flirt with radicals like Cobden and Bright.

> You must not build upon a possible union between me and the ultra Whigs, such as Lord Grey, or the Manchester School. Such a union is simply impossible; and I name it only because I infer from Edward's language [Edward was his impulsive and more than half-radical son] that such an idea had passed through your mind. I hardly think it would long dwell there.

Disraeli never quite learned the lesson, but in 1867 all could be forgiven. He and Derby together had changed the terms of British politics, and Derby loyally offered him the "highest round of the political ladder" and duly sent him in the autumn of that year his annual ritual gift of confidence—a haunch of red deer venison. The terms of politics had been changed, but the aristocracy had not yet lost the influence which the Manchester School had struggled to break. As Dr. Jones rightly says, "Derby aided in the readjustment of British institutions to changed conditions, striving at all times to retain for his own class as many of its privileges and as much of its power as he could in the changing world. In that respect, his career forms a wholly consistent pattern from beginning to end."

This biography thus fills an important gap both in nineteenth-century political history and in the longer story of the survival and growth of the Conservative party in a new industrial society. It is a pity that Dr. Jones has not had access to the Derby papers themselves, but he has made good use of other sources, manuscript and secondary. At times he gets a little caught up in the narrative and does not stand back to assess the full significance of what was happening, but from distant Athens, Georgia, he has unravelled themes to which historians in this country should devote far more attention.

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The Return of Gunner Asch. By HANS HELLMUT KIRST. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Dark Goddess. By HALLAM TENNYSON. *Vallentine Mitchell.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

You can almost divide these four into juveniles—beastly book-trade word—and adults. Mr. White and Mr. Saroyan tell their stories through children's eyes. Mr. Tennyson and Herr Kirst are documentary and didactic.

The Master is an ingenious extravaganza on the borders of science fiction, satire and straight adventure. It has affinities with the *Hibbert Journal* and the *Boy's Own Paper*. It reminds me of *The Tempest*, *20,000 Leagues Under The Sea*, and *Lost Horizon* with perhaps a breath of *High Wind In Jamaica*. Nicky and Judy, children of a duke, land from a yacht on the island of Rockall with their dog and are first pushed into the sea, then shot at, then rescued by the Master's agents. The Master is a physicist of genius aged 157 with singular telepathic powers, and a brain so extraordinary that he has to paralyse his higher critical centres with whisky before he can get down to mundane matters as opposed to the global and cosmic problems which are his preoccupation. His agents include a stock philosophical Chinaman, a Welsh doctor, an ex-R.A.F. pilot, and a Negro whose tongue has been cut out. His grand design is the compulsory reform of the human race by means of rays.

It sounds, put baldly like that, too pubescent a fantasy altogether. But though I do not myself think that Mr. White has quite brought it off—it remains too much of a mish-mash of ideas and wheezes—it is remarkable how readable he has made it. The children are alive and distinct. Their reactions, varying from the emotional to the matter of fact, are just right. The descriptions of their physical experiences of the island, the sea and the sun are very nicely done. Some of the agents, the latter-day Calibans, have character and the Master himself smacks far more of Prospero than of that insipid old thing, the Lama of Shangri La. His downfall incidentally is neatly brought about, after all human attempts have failed, by the dog. You can take him or leave him, but he is less of a bore than you expect.

The transformation of Mr. Saroyan from the tough-oblique, near-avant-garde realist that we used to know into the author of *Mama, I Love You* seems almost incredible. Perhaps his Armenian ancestry has something to do with it. Armenians as a race are said to harbour, alongside their marked commercial abilities, a vein of whimsical sentimentality. (There was even at one time a theory that Barrie was really an Armenian foundling.) This story is told by Twink, the nine-year-old daughter of an actress (Mama Girl) separated from her husband (Papa Boy). She and her mother fly to New York and both get parts in the same play, a fantasy about a wishing ball which, after the usual vicissitudes, is a smash hit. Everybody has a heart of gold, even Gladys, the spoilt millionairess. Much as I should like to believe in these characters and all the laudable sentiments expressed I cannot perform the necessary feat of projection. *Daddy Longlegs*, by Jean Webster, seems positively Balzacian compared with Mr. Saroyan's new manner. Nevertheless it is not without entertainment value. It belongs to that rare class of novel which you can't put down, even when it makes you throw up. Perhaps I ought to quote a sample:

> I was waiting for Mama Girl in her bedroom to watch her dress, because she knows how. She is the best dresser I ever saw. Mama Girl is pink all over, she has red hair, and she knows all about dressing. First you take a bath in a tub, then you put powder all over, then you make up and then you get dressed. When you've done everything you look like a big girl, . . .

The Return of Gunner Asch is the final instalment of Herr Hellmutt Kirst's anti-militarist trilogy, *Zero Eight Fifteen*, about the German army during the war. It covers a particularly strange and interesting period: the ultimate crack-up of the military machine as Allied troops poured into Germany. When it opens Asch, now a lieutenant, is with a few troops in a pocket surrounded by Americans. A lunatic colonel, one of the "Final Victory" school, wants to organise a suicidal break-out. Some desultory fighting goes on near the town where Asch's father keeps a café. Then official resistance comes to an end, apart from "Werewolves" and "Final Victory" merchants. Asch and his father play their part in tracking them down. There are frequent and perhaps at times inevitably rather confusing changes of scene and mood so that you feel the need for more narrative focus than Asch is allowed to provide.

The heroine of *The Dark Goddess* is not Kali, the Terrible One, but Joan Rawdon, an English sociologist who is devoting herself to the people of India. In Calcutta, where she is warden of a students' hostel, she carries on a campaign for a proper drainage system. In the country, where she goes to stay with her friend Krishna Bannerjee, the journalist, who is in love with her and tries to protect her from the effects of her own reformer's zeal, she tries to organise a river-fishing co-operative. Neither enterprise succeeds but Joan remains undaunted and reconciled to the idea of marrying Krishna. Mr. Tennyson writes good dialogue and good descriptions of the Indian scene, though he is perhaps inclined to assume too much familiarity with India on the part of his readers. There may be a certain lack of integration in the narrative department, but this is a lively novel in its own right as well as an interesting documentary.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Bed-Rock

Section: Rock-Drill, 85-95 de Los Cantares. By EZRA POUND. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Those many readers who wrote off Pound in the Thirties and were persuaded to give him a second chance, because of some poignant and direct passages in the Pisan Cantos, can now write him off again. For much of the new sequence of eleven cantos presents Pound at his most forbidding, stringing together "gists" from unfamiliar works that he thinks wrongly neglected. Specifically, he draws here on three such sources: in Cantos 85 and 86, the Chinese history-classic, the Chou King; in Cantos 88 and 89, Benton's *Thirty Years View*, a primary source for American history at the time of the Bank War; in Canto 94, the Bohn translation of the Life of Apollonius of Tyana, by Philostratus. Canto 85 will tax the patience of even a devout Poundian, since it can be read only with the Chinese source in one's lap. What with the Chinese characters, Couvreur's French version of these, and his Latin

version, Canto 85 can hardly be called a poem in English at all. If, as Hugh MacDiarmid maintains, poetry must move "Towards a World Language," well, this is it. Cantos 90 and 91 seem to be Pound's Paradiso: they evoke what he calls "The Great Crystal," meaning by that the image of an ideal clarity which man of affairs and man of action, no less than poet and sage, have to keep before themselves. The paradisal flavour is in Pound's confidence, which he has expressed before ("it is not man Made courage, or made order, or made grace"), that this clarity, and the traditions of embodying it in thought, action and artifact, cannot be lost even when they go unhonoured. It's in the last few Cantos, where Pound guards against any hint of complacency, that we come nearest to the Pisan note:

> But in the great love, bewildered
> farfalla in tempesta
> under rain in the dark:
> Many wings fragile
> Nymphalidæ, basilarch, and lycæna,
> Ausonides, euchloe, and erynnis
> And from far
> il tremolar della marina.

"Farfalla" is a real though rare and archaic word for "moth"; with its beautiful hint of "farfallen" it expresses, tersely but as movingly as anything in the Pisan Cantos, Pound's compassion for those who cannot stand the pace.

In short, the great gamble continues. The method is being pressed to its logical conclusion. Either this is the waste of a prodigious talent, or else it is the poetry of the future.

DONALD DAVIE

Shorter Reviews

Concerning Jazz. Edited By S. TRAILL. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Except for a valueless ramble by Milton Mezzrow, this miscellaneous collection of essays is quite useful. It contains several convenient surveys of the jazz scene in America and Britain, and of the "modernist" schools of jazz, though these tend to degenerate into catalogues of names, as is not uncommon in books written for what is essentially a collectors' public. There is also a study of the piano in jazz by G. Lascelles, an excellent essay by Hugues Panassié on the "jazz beat," and an equally excellent one on "Evolution and Appreciation" by Stanley Dance, whom the editor correctly describes as "the foremost writer on jazz in this country." All these are really addressed to initiates. However, the book also contains a select list of jazz records on LP and EP by Dance (for the pre-1941 idioms) and Mike Butcher (for the "modernist"), which will help to guide anyone interested in this music through the jungle of its recordings. At bottom the whole thing is a piece of book-making, designed to cash in on the growing market for jazz literature, but it has its points.

F. N.

My Secret Diary of the Dreyfus Case. By MAURICE PALÉOLOGUE. *Secker & Warburg.* 21*s.*

This book was much discussed in France when it appeared a year ago, and the original French edition was reviewed in this journal by Osbert Lancaster in the French Books Supplement last autumn. Mr. Eric Mosbacher has translated it with great competence, and there is a short introduction and some editorial notes. Those not completely familiar with the *affaire* should read it in conjunction with Guy Chapman's book which, despite its unhistorical "objectivity," is much the best account in either French or English.

Paléologue (later Ambassador in St. Petersburg) was an official in the "reserved affairs" section of the Quai d'Orsay's political department and dealt directly with the counter-espionage bureau of the War Office. He was a close confidant of Hanotaux, Foreign Minister when the *affaire* began, and of Casimir-Perier and Delcassé. The diary which he kept is not exactly a first-class historical document because he edited it, in the light of subsequent knowledge, before handing it to Plon in 1942. It is interesting first because it shows that Paléologue (and therefore the Quai d'Orsay) became convinced of Dreyfus' innocence at a relatively early stage in the case, and secondly because it advances the hypothesis that Esterhazy had two associates in his espionage activities: Maurice Weil, a *louche* confidant of several senior officers, and a general whom Paléologue does not name. Paléologue believed that all three were being protected from within the counter-espionage bureau by two of its members, Lauth and Henry; that this was why serious leakages, which had been taking place since 1886, and which even continued for two years after Dreyfus's arrest, had not been detected; and that Lauth and Henry would not have "discovered" the *bordereau* if another officer, not privy to their conspiracy, had not entered the room at the very moment they were examining it. If true, this would make nonsense of the central thesis of Chapman's book and, indeed, would go far to vindicate some of the wilder claims of the Dreyfusards; but Paléologue, unfortunately, produces no evidence to justify his theory, and it is not clear whether he ever possessed any.

P. J.

The Red Fort. By JAMES LEASOR. *Werner Laurie.* 21*s.*

The Red Fort in Delhi was the home of the King of Delhi, the Shah to whom all the Indian mutineers looked for leadership. He was in reality merely the nominal head. He had not started the Mutiny; he had no wish to be mixed up in the whole affair. When the first rebels arrived from Meerut, where the spark ignited, he did not want to see them even. He was ninety, senile and a quiet-lifer. This lack of leadership—for all the Begum's fanatical encouragement of sedition—was eventually to lose the overwhelmingly superior forces their great chances of victory. Little credit stands to us. The indifference of the British was extraordinary, and the attitude of the army staffs inexplicable. (Anson could not be disturbed at dinner with intimations of the Mutiny; Hewitt threw his message on the floor, unread; Fraser, Delhi's Commissioner, whose dilatoriness cost him his head, spiked on a mutineer's spear, snored the time away after a heavy meal.)

However, once roused, the army performed feats of quite colossal heroism. The taking of the Kashmir Gate and Nicholson's entry into Delhi are matchless episodes; and Mr. Leasor's racy and vivid account of the rising does well convey the courage. Nevertheless, the final result was infinitely depressing for, as he shows, the deeds of butchery and plunder of the victors at least equalled the atrocities of the mutineers.

M. C.

Progress Report on Birth Control. By LELLA SECOR FLORENCE. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

In this book Mrs. Florence, who is Chairman of the Birmingham Family Planning Association, set out to survey the thirty years' experience of that Association since it was founded—the seventh of its kind in England—in 1927. Her book inevitably became a rich and important contribution to the growing, though still tragically limited, knowledge of birth control—a subject of urgent concern to the social structure of the world; but what she has written is also a short history of the birth control movement from Francis Place's "diabolical handbills" to the International Planned Parenthood Federation. "You can't, of course," wrote Havelock Ellis, "keep the knowledge of birth control from women, but you can keep them from the *best* knowledge, and with mischievous results."

Those results are compared in this book, page by page, with the relief and mercy that the F.P.A. clinics now bring to the lives of hundreds of thousands of women every year. The many brief case-histories—too many, perhaps, for so condensed a book—have a common theme of disharmony in the home, tied and exhausted mothers, neglected children, Gampish superstitions, and the constant struggle to convince the masses that a woman does *not* have to wait until she has two children before she can seek advice at a clinic. The doctors in general practice do not come too well out of this survey: it seems that a majority of them still treat the positive aspects of the problem with shocking indifference. One good effect the book might have would be to convert more family doctors to the notion that one or two children can qualify as a "family," and that birth control in its widest sense, as Mr. R. A. Harrod told the Royal Commission on Population, "is a pre-condition of continued civilisation."

C. H. R.

The Domestic Dog. By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD. *Routledge.* 30*s.*

What is the origin of the domestic dog? Is it the wolf, the jackal or the pariah? Mr. Vesey-Fitzgerald in his new book leads us through a positive maze of contradictory opinions, occasionally letting go our hand and disappearing behind page-length quotes. When he returns, he makes it quite clear that anything we may have read during his absence was for the most part fantasy or fiction and best forgotten, and that if we follow him round yet another corner we may well stumble on the truth. Mr. Vesey-Fitzgerald's own opinion seems to be that the distinction goes to the pariah, for

> the Menzels, from the depth of their great experience, believe that it would be possible to breed out of pariah dogs—and in a comparatively short time—every known type of domestic dog.

Once out of the maze of doubt which covers the first two chapters, we are given Dog in Art, Literature, Sport and the Service of Man, and with these Mr. Vesey-Fitzgerald fairly romps along. These chapters are short summaries amplified by quotations, "the gleanings," as the author puts it, "of a lifetime spent in the study of the dog." Some of these make pleasant reading—Xenophon's description of his hounds or Delabere Blaine in his Encyclopædia of Rural Sports writing of the Southern Hound

> . . . a monstrous head, overhanging chaps, full in the throat and dewlapped.

Coming to our own day Mr. Vesey-Fitzgerald has some sharp points to make on breeding for the show bench and he winds up with a classification of, and notes on, the breeds. There are 32 pages of plates.

J. A. L.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS
on the
British Press, its history,
its development, and
(with no respect for persons)
its control

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LONGMANS

Women in a Village. By LOUISA RAYNER. *Heinemann.* 30s.

Miss Rayner married in Yugoslavia shortly before the war, and she writes first of the easy but trivial life of a housewife in Belgrade: maids, standards of perfection about the house, coffee-parties and an occasional baby were all very well in their way, but on their own they sound a little dull. The war brought great troubles and changes, German occupation and Allied bombing raids, and, in 1944, evacuation to the little Serb village of Rusanj. Here Miss Rayner lived in the home of a peasant family, and as Serbian was by now her second tongue she could share the thoughts and feelings of the peasant women who became her friends. This gives her book great interest, since it is written with a kindly understanding and with more authority than is usual in works of travel.

The peasants were very poor. The women worked away their strength at home and in the fields, and when in time they fell ill they could not afford to rest. In times of danger the children knew that they must not run for shelter and leave the cattle to die, for they themselves could be replaced but a family depended on its animals for food and therefore for life. This way of life is now changing, but it dated from Homeric times. Miss Rayner had a classical training, and she shows that the life of Rusanj, though crude by the standards of civilised Belgrade, sprang from the hard demands of the soil and had strangely close links with the domestic life of the Iliad and the Odyssey.

J. B.

Bach's Fugal Works. By A. E. F. DICKINSON. *Pitman.* 30s.

Used as we all are to following the broad dramatic outlines of music in sonata-form we may have some difficulty in grasping the more closely knit procedures of fugue. Fugue has no essentially dramatic elements; its contrasts are never pushed to the point of conflict. In fact, it resembles a sermon rather than a play, and like a sermon it demands the close attention of its hearers if it is not to become merely soporific—in an impressive sort of way. For this reason Mr. Dickinson's detailed account of all Bach's fugues (some 150 of them) is timely. It cannot be said that 180 pages of fairly close analysis (you need the music beside you the whole time, of course) make easy reading, particularly in view of the knotted prose style. But among all this useful and necessary gravel the persevering reader will find an occasional nugget of pure gold—appraisals, and sometimes controversial reappraisals, that are all the more valuable for being based on close and detailed knowledge. It is stimulating, for instance, to find Mr. Dickinson frankly accusing Bach of letting technique predominate over imagination in the later contrapuncti of *The Art of Fugue*; refreshing, too, to hear what he has to say about the extremely varied merits of the organ fugues. This is a tough book to read, but because it is unusually honest and thorough it is also a rewarding one.

J. N.

Company Meeting

NATIONAL BANK OF INDIA

The annual general meeting of The National Bank of India, Ltd., will be held on March 26 in London.

The following are extracts from the circulated Statement of the Chairman, Mr. J. K. Michie, for the year 1956:—

Ever since we acquired from the National Provincial Bank Ltd. the total capital of Grindlays Bank Ltd. the interests and managements of Grindlay's Bank and ourselves have naturally grown more closely together and it has become increasingly clear as experience accumulated that to ensure the full benefits of this association a physical fusion of resources and staff must be the ultimate step. The Boards of both Banks have now decided that the time is ripe for an amalgamation and the necessary preliminaries have been set in motion.

Our Net Profit figure is somewhat larger and after full provisions for taxation, bad and doubtful debts and other necessary reservations comes out at £432,835 against £421,839 the previous year. Dividends declared are unchanged at 15% for the year. £100,000 has been transferred to Premises Account against £75,000 and £75,000 to Contingencies Reserve Account against £85,000 in 1955. The balance carried forward is increased by £11,888.

Grindlay's Bank Ltd.: I am glad to report another successful year's operations which is reflected in the profit figure shown in their accounts and the growth in the volume of the Bank's deposits has been well maintained. Given reasonable operational conditions I feel sure our forward progress will continue.

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,410

Set by Naomi Lewis

The usual prizes are offered for a group of six Sayings of the Week from a Sunday newspaper of any single century, A.D. or B.C. Entries by March 19.

Result of No. 1,407

Set by Red Setter

Teach not thy parent's mother to extract
The embryo juices of the bird by suction.
The good old lady can that feat enact
Quite irrespective of the kind instruction.

On the model of this verse (quoted from the Penguin *More Comic and Curious Verse*), competitors are asked to submit quatrains embodying similarly transformed proverbs.

Report

If there were a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Setters it might have been invoked against those many competitors who left me to deduce their chosen proverbs. But it was not held against them in the judging. There was, in fact, such an abundance of excellent entries that I was tempted to resort to a pin to help me to select the winners. Those starred among the entries printed below share the prize-money.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

*The human creature of the male persuasion
Whose years come in the category " tender "
Will prove on every possible occasion
Youthful in age and masculine in gender.

E. J. ROBERTS

A CAT MAY LOOK AT A KING

*No overweening monarch should expect
Immunity from feline observation.
The merest household pet may still select
The subjects it prefers for contemplation.

OLIVER COBURN

TIME AND TIDE WAIT FOR NO MAN

Not Chronos with his crooked scythe and glass
Nor Ocean's waters drawn by lunar power
For any of the anthropoidal class
Can be persuaded to postpone his hour.

ADRIENNE GASCOIGNE

GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME—

The rabid cynophobe, if wise, rejects
The hazardous device of strangulation
On learning that equivalent effects
Are compassed by judicious denigration.

R. POSTILL

CHILDREN SHOULD BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD

This strict requirement from the youthful issues
Of matrimonial unions is exacted:
They may affect the inner optic tissues
While leaving aural membranes unimpacted.

C. E. J. FRYER

ONE SWALLOW DOESN'T MAKE A SUMMER

*Lone fork-tailed bird who fancied in thy pride
Thy soaring wings dispelled the year's attrition,
Know thou mayst quarter England's countryside
With not a gleam of sun in recognition.

HENRY

HALF A LOAF IS BETTER THAN NO BREAD

*Of Ceres' golden bounty, wholesome good,
Contriturate upon the channell'd stone,
Leaven'd and fir'd, let not ingratitude
Disdain the moiety: there might be none.

R. J. P. HEWISON

HE LAUGHS BEST WHO LAUGHS LAST

*Between the qualities of rival mirth
There is to be discerned a great disparity.
Priority in time yields place in worth
When measured against ultimate hilarity.

LESLIE JOHNSON

MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES

*Whenever wealth of warmth is shed awhile
From Phoebus high, as he in heaven courses,
One should apply the pitchfork to, and pile
The crop that yields the provender of horses.

P. J. MCGEENEY

FOOLS RUSH IN WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD

*Where seraphim proceed with circumspection,
And cherubim adopt a chary view,
Impetuous men advance without reflection—
And thereby underline their low I.Q.

R. T. SYMONS

City Lights

Lubricating Sentiment

Europe's oil supplies are now expected to be 94 per cent. of normal in the second quarter of 1957, even without the Canal. The outlook is better, and City feeling about the economic prospect is beginning to be coloured by the improvement. The expansionists until recently were calling for an end to restrictions on consumption for fear they might precipitate a depression: now they are demanding stimulus for industrial investment and an incentive budget, but on the grounds that Britain's problems can only be solved by rapid growth and the fullest possible use of the resources available.

The revised plan for nuclear power has focused attention on the weight of basic investment, mostly government-financed, which will have to be carried over the next few years—the rapid progress towards a free trade area has made plain the urgent need for further investment in manufacturing industry—the independence of Ghana has come as a further reminder of the fact that a sizeable balance-of-payments surplus will be needed either to invest voluntarily in the sterling area or to pay off outstanding debts. The news has been coming too thickly to be put tidily into place, but the City is no longer depression-minded.

The call for an end to restrictions on consumption seems, in any case, to have been overtaken by events. The straws are beginning to suggest that it is already beginning to rise again; retail sales seem to have been rising strongly for two or three months now, and only a small part of the rise can be put down to price increases. Petrol rationing may have something to do with it: private expenditure on motoring has recently played a very large part in changes in the level of personal spending. But the larger part is likely to have been due to hire-purchase restrictions gradually losing their effect. Hoover, for example, which was very badly hit by the restrictions, has reported a strong recovery in profits during the second half of last year. New HP business—and not only for motor cars—has been rising, and in the case of household goods has risen far enough to overtake repayments on existing debt. The

revival noticeable in the retail trade returns has been largely concentrated on household goods (which helps to explain the relatively large share in it of department stores), and it seems likely that HP agreements made in 1955 and nine-month credit agreements made in 1956 will be running out together over the months ahead.

New people, except perhaps in the Treasury, are very much worried by all this. The City is ready to press for further expansion (properly regulated, of course) and takes heart from the fact that the gold reserve seems now to be large enough to deter the speculators. The secondary reserves, in fact, are snowballing—India has followed us to borrow from the IMF, Germany is depositing here enough money to meet ten years of debt repayments, the amendment of the U.S. loan agreement should bring back the suspended 1956 interest payment, and the Export-Import bank credit has not yet been touched. All these are loans, of course—how else can a debtor nation finance half the world's trade?—but the fact that they are there seems to hold out the hope of something slightly better than a standstill budget.

* * *

The institutions have now made their preparations for the Steel of Wales issue next week. The detailed terms of the offer confirm what was already suspected—that the company's expansion plans will continue to be financed by the Realisation Agency, and that earnings to cover the proposed dividend will be much smaller than in the case of steel shares already on the market. From the point of view of the ordinary investor, the issue has some of the attractions of a premium bond. The shares are being issued at par, and are unlikely to move so far from it as those of other steel companies: if SCOW is renationalised, one stands to lose very little. If, on the other hand, the Tories win the next election, the rapid expansion of profits after 1961/2 holds out the chance of a sizeable capital gain. The very short-term prospect is equally reassuring. In the present market atmosphere, it is quite conceivable that the new issue may open at a small premium, and even a small premium is enough to represent a decent percentage profit on a 5s.-paid share.

* * *

Mr. Fred Bentley used to be general manager of the Halifax. He resigned last year over a difference of opinion with its president and became chairman of the Building Societies Association. The Halifax, its largest member, promptly left the Association. Now Mr. Bentley has been nominated by an unnamed admirer for appointment to the Halifax board.

Mr. Leonard Jackson is chairman of Gordon Hotels. He has announced a bid for the shares from a syndicate in which he has an interest—anticipating by a very narrow margin the publication of the Committee of Inquiry's report into the company's affairs.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 382. Hidden Depths

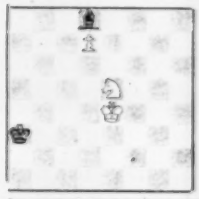
Just as the bulk (and the menace) of an iceberg lurks below the surface of a calm sea, just so those suspiciously "simple" endings with an almost empty board are usually notorious for the great depths to be plumbed below that deceptive surface. There was certainly nothing superficial in the manner in which Max Euwe went to the very bottom of this astonishingly problematic position; he did it in the capacity of a most conscientious adjudicator, and if I were to follow his complete analysis I would require two or three pages rather than one column of this journal. At first sight it would seem to be Black's obvious course to get rid of one of the pawns and then to have his K near enough the surviving one to secure a draw. Tempting is . . . K-B3 with a view to (2) K-K4, R-QB7, (3) P-B5, K-Kt3, and the White R could no longer keep both pawns protected. If White plays (2) P-B5 at once Black may again be tempted by the immediate possibility of dislodging the White R, but (2) . . . K-Kt3 leads to a loss after (3) R-R8, P-B6, (4) P-B6, P-B7, (5) K-K2, P—Q ch, (6) K x Q, R-QB7, (7) R-B8, and Black will have no time to dispose of the RP; nor could he save himself by various sub-variations of this one. Hence, he might try to counter (2) P-B5 by . . . P-B6. In that case White must beware of (3) P-B6?, P-B7, (4) K-K2, P—Q ch, (5) K x Q, R-QB7 with a forced draw, since . . . K-Kt3 will win a P and White's R-R8-QB8 will not work as in the above-mentioned variation, as Black can counter it by . . . R x RP, followed by . . . R-QB7. But White can do better by countering (2) . . . P-B6 with (3) K-K3!, P-B7, (4) K-K2, K-Kt3, (5) K-B1!, R-Kt5, (6) R-Q5! (R8?), R-KR5, (7) K x P, R x P ch, (8) K-K3 and wins. Reverting to the diagram-position and assuming that (1) . . . K-B3 must be bad, the question is whether Black should meet the menace of the BP by . . . K-Q3 or whether he should compromise by a centralised position at K3. As a matter of fact, both moves secure the draw, though K-K3 involves various pitfalls. I have merely space for the principal lines of . . . K-Q3, whereupon (2) K-K4 would lead to a quick draw after . . . R-QB7. Hence, (2) P-B5 ch, K-B3, (3) K-K4, R-KB7, (4) P-R4, P-B6. Now (5) K-K3 would lead to a quick draw after . . . R-QB7, and the same good move counters, (5) K-B4 since Black must stop the White K from reaching Kt3. The sequel: (6) K x P, R-B6 ch, (7) K-Kt4, R-B5 ch, and White can't make headway, without giving Black the chance of forcing a draw like this:

(8) K-Kt5, K x P, (9) K-B6 ch, K-Q3, (10) R-R8, R-B5 ch, (11) K-Kt5, R-B8, (12) R-K8, K-Q2, (13) R-K2, R-Kt8 ch, (14) K-R6, R-Kt6, (15) P-R5, R-Kt8, (16) K-R7, R-Kt6, (17) P-R6, R-Kt8, (18) K-R8, R-Kt5, (19) P-R7, R-Kt6, etc.

A: Plater 1956

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White (after Q-K5) merely drew. How, instead, could he have forced the win immediately? **B** and **C**—both wins for White—are no bargains for 6 and 7 ladder-points. They have quite some hidden depths, in spite (or because) of the scanty material. Usual prizes. Entries by March 18.

B: V. Halberstadt 1936



C: N. D. Grigoriev 1936

REPORT on No. 378. Set February 9

A: (1) Q-R8 ch, K-Kt2; (2) B x P ch!, Q x B; (3) Q-KR8 ch, etc.

B: (1) R-Q8, R x P ch; (2) R-Q3!, R x R ch, (3) K-B2, R-Q3 (best); (4) P—Kt ch!, etc.

(4) P—Q, R-B3 ch; (5) Q x R ch, K x Q, merely draws.

C: (1) P-Kt7, R-K3 ch (best); (2) K-R5, R-KKt3!, (3) K x R, P-Kt7; (4) R-R3 ch, K-B5!; (5) R-R4 ch, K-B6; (6) R-Kt4!!, K x R; (7) P—Q, K-Kt6; (8) K-R5 ch, etc.

Many correct solutions. Prizes: W. H. L. Brooking, J. Edge, L. H. Kennion, B. Hayden, C. Sandberg.

REPORT on No. 379. Set February 16

A: (1) R-KB3, P-K5?; (2) RxKt!, PxQ; (3) RxP ch, followed by RxBP ch, R-Kt7 ch and mate.

B: (1) P-Kt6, R-Kt3; (2) R-R4 ch, K-Kt2; (3) R-KKt4!, RxR; (4) P-Kt7, R-Kt8 ch; (5) K-B2, etc.

C: (1) B-K2, Kt-B4 (best); (2) BxP, Kt-K6; (3) R-B1, R-Kt8 ch; (4) B-B1 ch, K-Q4; (5) K-K2, Kt x B; (6) R-Q1 ch! (RxKt?), K-K4; (7) K-B2, R-R8; (8) R-K1 ch, K-B4; (9) K-Kt2, R-R7 ch; (10) K-Kt1!, Kt-Q7; (11) RxP!, Kt-B6 ch; (12) K-B1, R-R8 ch; (13) K-Kt2, R-Kt8 ch; (14) K-R3, etc.

if (5) . . . RxB; (6) R-B3! (RxR?), Kt-Q8; (7) R-Q3 ch, K-K5; (8) R-Q6! etc.

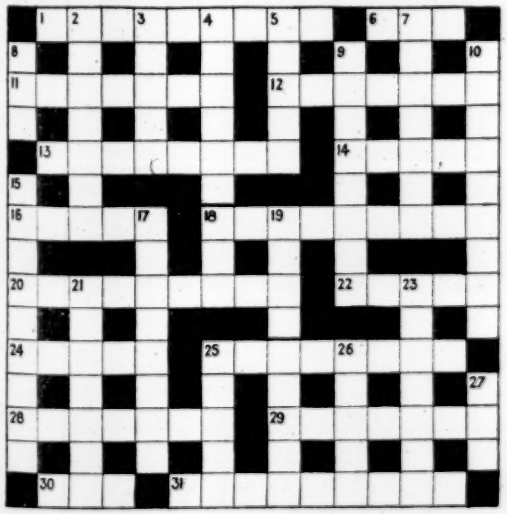
if (2) . . . R-Kt8 ch; (3) K-K2! (B-B1?), RxR; (4) BxP!, Kt-K6 (5) B-B5! etc.

Many were wholly or partly stumped by C. Prizes: Gerald Abrahams, E. A. Barclay-Smith, Leslie Hale, J. R Harman.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 241

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 241, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Mar. 19.



ACROSS

1. Listens to in an actual early performance (9).
6 & 30. Drink is the sailor's world (6).
11. Tea upset in a carriage (7).
12. The sailor has spoilt the town (7).
13. Uninterested, and so not to listen so much? (8).
14. Square cinema (5).
16. The language of progress in painting (5).
18. Opera which sounds like red blood (9).
20. Famous ship or a fly broken in a machine (9).
22. "O moral —, this book I directe To thee" (Chaucer) (5).
24. Heavy defeats spoil tours (5).
25. The students spend the beginning of the vacation among the cliffs (8).
28. Make permanent, like the nasty English weather? (7).
29. Fled pursued by a guard in Burma (7).
30. See 6.
31. Give the sack and the factory makes trouble (9).

DOWN

2. When removing the record it is time to give voice (7).
3. Live although its number is up (5).
4. Poor argument is a feature of Hyde Park (6, 3).
5. Weights for beasts of burden (5).
7. Courage displayed by a brother embracing a nurse (7).
8. See 27.
9. Praying as Mrs. Cruncher did (8).
10. Corn for the birds? (9).
15. They mark a changed theatre (9).
17. Lucky charm for which one may search the last man in (8).
19. A threat to the favourite, but not a nightmare (4, 5).
21. Junior member (7).
23. Wizard composer (7).
25. Without evil the desert could become a main road (5).
26. Language used in calling on one's superiors (5).
27 & 8. Curious activities hostile to the Civil Service (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 239

F	I	R	S	T	I	M	P	R	E	S	S	I	O	N
E	■	E	■	R	■	A	■	A	■	E	■	M	■	E
L	E	T	I	S	H	■	D	A	M	M	I	N	G	■
L	■	I	■	P	■	A	■	I	■	A	■	T	■	R
O	R	C	H	E	S	T	R	A	■	P	L	A	T	O
W	■	L	■	■	■	M	■	N	■	M	■	N	■	S
T	H	E	R	E	S	A	■	T	W	O	S	T	E	P
R	■	■	■	R	■	■	■	R	■	■	■	I	■	■
A	D	D	E	N	D	A	■	C	H	E	A	P	E	R
V	■	I	■	E	■	N	■	A	■	■	■	E	■	I
E	X	A	M	S	■	S	U	N	B	O	N	N	E	T
L	■	B	■	T	■	W	■	T	■	R	■	A	■	U
L	E	O	N	I	N	E	■	A	L	B	A	N	I	A
E	■	L	■	N	■	R	■	T	■	E	■	C	■	L
R	H	O	D	E	I	S	L	A	N	D	R	E	D	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 239

M. V. Hale (Brighton), Miss A. Christie (Thorpe-Le-Soken), Mrs. E. Laburn (Blairgowrie).

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

5s. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2s. extra. Semi-display £4 per single column inch. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

An important Industrial Group
has a vacancy for the
DIRECTOR of its
TECHNOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

This is a Senior Executive position involving the direction of an expanding technological organisation which has fundamental research backing, and the post carries a salary commensurate with its importance. Applicants are required to have high technological qualifications and experience, and preference would be given to those with some background knowledge of industrial development activities.

Applications will be treated as highly confidential and should be addressed to:—
Messrs. Allen & Overy,
3 Finch Lane, Cornhill,
London, E.C.3.

B.B.C. requires Children's Hour Organiser in Cardiff to be responsible for initiating and developing ideas for Children's programmes in both Sound and Television; organising and supervising the output as a whole; and for directing and/or producing a share of it. Work requires an appreciation and understanding of children's interests, production experience, and organising ability. Thorough knowledge of the Welsh language essential. Salary £1,325 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by five annual increments to £1,705 maximum. If no fully qualified candidate available, initial appointment in salary range £1,205 to £1,535. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting ref. G.117 N. Stm.) shd. reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

UNIVERSITY College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Applications are invited for the Chair of Economics. Salary scale £2,000 × £100—£2,300 p.a. Superannuation scheme. Passages to Salisbury for appointee, wife and dependent children on appointment with allowance for transport of effects. Unfurnished accommodation provided at rent of up to 15% of salary. Detailed applications (6 copies) naming 3 referees by April 6, 1957, to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, W.C.1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

AUSTRALIA—University of Queensland. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Education. Applicants should have had teaching experience in secondary schools and be qualified to lecture in Methods of Teaching Mathematics or Methods of Teaching Modern Languages and in General Principles of Education. A higher degree in Education would be an added qualification. Salary £A1,300 £A1,750 per annum. Further particulars and information as to the method of application are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on March 31, 1957.

RHODES University, Grahamstown, South Africa. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Lecturer and Head of the Department of German from as early a date as possible. The salary scale is £1,050 × £50—£1,400 per annum, plus a special allowance of £100 per annum. In the case of married persons only, a variable cost-of-living allowance, at present £234 per annum, is payable in addition. Previous experience and academic qualifications may be taken into account in fixing the commencing salary. Full particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in South Africa and London, is March 31, 1957.

RUSKIN College, Oxford. Applications are invited for the post of Tutor (man or woman) in Economics and Industrial Relations to be taken up not later than October 1957. Salary scale £750 × 50—£1,300. F.S.S.U. superannuation scheme. Applications, with three referees, required by May 15, 1957. Full particulars and form from General Secretary, Ruskin College, Oxford.

SURREY County Council. Applications are invited from married couples for the joint appointment of Warden and Matron to a Working Boys' Hostel situated in Woking, accommodating 20 boys. The man must have had experience of adolescent boys and his wife in housekeeping for numbers. Salaries: Warden, £502 5s × £15 7s 6d—£563 15s p.a.; Matron, £379 5s × £15 7s 6d—£440 15s p.a.; less £115 16s 6d for each in respect of full residential emoluments. Application forms and fuller details upon receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope from Children's Officer (H/JHP/311), County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames.

CASHIER-Book-keeper required for Labour weekly newspaper office, Holborn. Salary according to experience. Box 1035.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Social Administration. Candidates should have a particular interest and also experience in housing policy and administration. Salary not less than £550 per annum, with membership of the F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. The person appointed will be required to undertake research and to assist in the supervision of practical work as well as in the ordinary teaching duties of the Department. Applications should be sent not later than March 30, 1957, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

ASSISTANT Girls' Club leader required for mixed youth club and junior club, Chelsea. Pension scheme. Resident post. Apply with details of experience and qualifications to the Organizing Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready St., Marylebone, London, N.W.8.

ADDITIONAL caseworkers are required by Family Service Units for the extension of its intensive casework service for "problem families." Resident and non-resident. Men and women. Resident salary scale £275 25 525 plus full board and residence. Children's allowances. Special training provided. Apply in writing to the Sec., 25, St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

CHILD Welfare Officers & Assistants. London County Council requires suitably qualified persons for engagement, as vacancies occur, as Child Welfare Officers and Assistant Child Welfare Officers. A panel of selected applicants for both grades will be maintained and vacancies offered when available. The duties of the former include receiving into care, rehabilitation, boarding-out, adoption, supervision, after-care, and other field work associated with deprived children, while Assistants will be given practical training to fit them for such work. Candidates for the former grade should be academically qualified (e.g., degree or diploma in Social Science) and should have had previous experience in child care or allied social work; experience is not essential for Assistants. Salaries: Child Welfare Officers £599-£775. Assistants £528 (slightly less if under 24)—£669. Details may be obtained from the Children's Officer (CH/E1/303), County Hall, London, S.E.1. Please state grade applied for. Closing date March 25.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required. Must hold approved Mental Health Certificate. National Whitley Council Salary Scale, plus London Weighting. Possession of a car would be an advantage. Write, giving details of age, experience, qualifications and names of referees, to the Physician Superintendent, St. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous & Mental Disorders, Southall, Middx.

HOUSEMOTHER wanted for Reception Home opening shortly near Chelmsford for twenty children. Salary £404 × £15—£465, less £115 for emoluments. Must be experienced or trained and would be in charge on occasions. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Welfare Department. General Assistants (Miscellaneous III, £456 2s 6d to £522 15s, plus London Weighting) at Area Welfare Offices at Brentford, Tottenham and Uxbridge, to assist generally, including clerical work and home visiting, mainly in connection with welfare services for handicapped persons other than Blind and partially sighted. Applicants should be over 21, have good knowledge of social services and an interest in welfare of Old or handicapped persons. Social Science qualification and or practical experience in case work an advantage. Established, subject to medical assessment and prescribed conditions. Five-day week. Applications, stating age, education, qualifications, experience, and names of two referees, to Chief Welfare Officer, 1 Queen Anne's Gate Buildings, S.W.1, by March 21. (Quote U.688 N.S.) Canvassing disqualifies.

WARDEN and also Assistant Warden reqd. for Hostel of West African Students' Union, Ltd. State salaries desired (accom., etc., provided). Married couple could be considered. Write Sec., W.A.S.U., Ltd., 69, Warrington Crescent, W.9.

LONDON Family Welfare Association have a vacancy for a senior case worker who must hold a degre or diploma in Social Studies of a recognised University, and have had recent experience in family case work. Salary from £550 p.a., according to experience. Apply in writing to the Organising Secretary, Family Welfare Association, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

CHELMSFORD Day Release and Youth Centre. Full-time Deputy Warden (man or woman) required. Applicants should possess either degree, Diploma in Social Studies, Youth Leadership or Teacher's Certificate, and in the case of a man, experience in physical training and or crafts would be an advantage. Salary £475 × £25 to £900 p.a. (Man); £430 × £20 to £720 p.a. plus equal pay increments (woman). Additions to both scales for degree and training. Increments allowed for teaching service, youth work, war/national service and up to five years approved previous experience. Details and forms (stamped addressed envelope) from Divisional Education Officer, "Springfield Dukes," Springfield Green, Chelmsford.

SHT./Typists for interesting work, weekly or by hour or day. GER. 0163.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the full-time posts of Research Assistant in Social Anthropology and Sociology in the Faculty of Economics and Social Studies. The persons appointed will carry out research in factories and in rural areas. Salary within the range of £550 to £750 per annum, according to qualifications and experience, with membership of Children's Allowance Scheme and F.S.S.U. Applications should be sent not later than March 21, 1957, to the Registrar, University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of appln. may be obtained.

LONDON County Council. Furzedown Training College, Welham Road, S.W.17. Principal, Miss E. Fletcher, B.A. Required September, Lecturer in Speech and Drama Department, who will be primarily responsible for speech education in the College. Good qualifications and teaching experience essential. Training College scale salary; post open to men and women. Appointment will be to Council's service with assignment to this college. Application forms obtainable from Principal, and returnable to her at college by March 22. (404.)

UNIVERSITY of Cambridge. Faculty of English. Applications are invited for two vacancies as Lecturer or, in certain circumstances, Assistant Lecturer in the Faculty of English. Appointments will probably be made as from October 1, 1957. Those who wish to be considered only for a University Lectureship should say so when applying. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, J. Holloway, Laundress Lane Faculty Rooms, Cambridge, to whom applications (10 copies), with the names of not more than 3 referees, should be sent by April 15.

GRAYLINGWELL Hospital, Chichester. Applications are invited for the post of Clinical Psychologist. The duties will include the psychological testing of patients for clinical purposes and opportunities may be available for work in connection with the Department of Clinical Research. The successful candidate will work under the supervision of the Senior Psychologist and the salary and conditions of service are those laid down for Psychologists in the National Health Service. Applications, with full particulars and the names and addresses of two referees, to be sent as soon as possible to the Medical Superintendent from whom further particulars can be obtained.

FAMILY Service Units wishes to appoint men and women social workers for the extension of its intensive casework service for "problem families." Special training provided. Details concerning salary, qualifications, etc., from the Secretary, F.S.U., 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

WAR Office: Librarian Grade IV. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for two pensionable posts (in York (Northern Command H.Q. Library) and Lisburn, Co. Antrim (Northern Ireland District H.Q. Library)). Age at least 22 years on January 1, 1957. Candidates must have become Fellows or Associates of the Library Association, or hold the Diploma of the London University School of Librarianship. They must have had experience of library work. Starting salary £490 (women £486) at age 22 to £585 (women £565) at age 25 or over. Men's maximum £950. Women's pay is being raised to reach equality with men's pay by 1961. Promotion prospects. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4669/57/8. Completed applications should be returned by March 26, 1957.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, require in September: (1) Master or Mistress to take general subjects in the lower Senior School (11 plus), especially the B stream. (2) Assistant Master or Mistress for biology at least to "O" level in the Senior School. Ability to share VI form an advantage. Interest in field work and the subject as a living study important. (3) Music Mistress to teach piano and girls' singing throughout the school. A good standard of personal performance is important. Burnham Scale; Government Superannuation.

ST. GABRIEL'S College, Cormont Road, London, S.E.5. Required in September, a resident Catering-Supervisor, woman. This is a new post and will involve catering and supervising the Dining Hall for 260 people. Salary £400-£600 p.a. according to experience. Applications, accompanied by the names and addresses of two referees, should reach the Principal, from whom further particulars may be obtained, by March 25.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker (qualified) required at the East London Child Guidance Clinic. Whitley Council conditions of service and salary scale. This clinic has a psychoanalytic orientation and it is preferred that intending applicants be actively interested on this account. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience, etc., to be sent to the Hospital Secretary, London Jewish Hospital, Stepney Green, E.1.

THERE are vacancies for young men in the full-time service of the Y.M.C.A. The first essentials are a sense of Christian vocation, good general education and organising ability. Applicants should be between 21 and 30 years of age. Selected candidates will receive suitable training before appointment. For further information write to Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SECRETARY to Director wanted. Graduate with publishing experience pref. Apply Sec., New Statesman, Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

THE University of Sheffield. Department of Extramural Studies. Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor in English Literature, to be immediately responsible for the encouragement and development of classes in the subject. Salary scale £650 × £50—£1,350, with F.S.S.U. provision and family allowance. Initial salary on the scale according to qualifications and experience. It is hoped to make an appointment at a senior level. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar to whom applications (12 copies) should be sent by March 20, 1957.

GRANADA TV Network Ltd. req. Staff Architect in Manchester for general duties and to help with development of their TV Centre. Excellent opportunity for an experienced & practical man with ideas & a feeling for modern design. Write, giving age, experience, present salary, etc., to Sidney L. Bernstein, Chairman, Granada TV Network Ltd., Manchester 3.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or previous experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedrooms and good holidays. Minimum salary £29 0s. 10d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

FOR a proposed Social Survey of Newton Abbot a whole- or part-time assistant, preferably with research experience, is required to interview old people in their homes. From April to August. Fee full-time of £40 per month. Reply Peter Sutcliffe, Dartington Hall, Central Office, Totnes, Devon.

READING Education Committee. Hostels for Maladjusted Children. Resident Assistant (woman) required for "Mockbeggar" Hostel. Salary scale: £348 10s. × £15 7s. 6d.—£394 12s. 6d. per annum, less £115 16s. 6d. per annum for board, lodging, etc. An additional payment may be made for approved qualifications. Application form and particulars obtainable from Chief Education Officer, Blagrave Street, Reading. Completed forms should be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

EXPERIENCED general sub-editor required for weekly newspaper, N.U.J. rates or over according to experience. Box 1042.

WOMAN reporter required for general and women's interest reporting in Jewish newspaper. Reply Box 1041.

PERMANENT position on sales staff of furniture manufacturer offered to young man, under 30. Applications in writing should state age, education and experience (if any). Pension scheme. Ernest Race, Limited, 22 Union Road, Clapham, London, S.W.4.

WEST Indians are invited to apply for the post of Assistant Welfare Officer (female) with the British Caribbean Welfare Service. Training and experience essential. Salary £510-£800. Applications should be addressed to the Administrative Officer, British Caribbean Welfare Service, 2 Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith Street, S.W.1.

ADMINISTRATIVE County of Wilts. Applications invited from women holding the Home Office Certificate in Child Care and/or a Social Science Diploma for the post of Child Care Officer, salary £543 5s. to £625 5s. Application forms with full details from Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Trowbridge. Returnable by March 25.

SMART young lady, 25-35 required with some sales experience for antique shop. Interesting work & salary. CHA. 3618.

ROYAL Free Hospital School of Medicine (University of London), Hunter Street, W.C.1. Senior Clerk or Clerk required from June 1 for Accountant's office. Experience in accounts essential; shorthand and typing desirable. Scales: Clerk £350 × £20—£450; Senior Clerk £475 × £20—£595. Good hols. Apply Secretary with names of 2 refs.

EXPERIENCED Shorthand/Typist required. Good salary. Three weeks' holiday. Also Junior Shorthand/Typist. Apply, giving qualifications, to the Britain-China Friendship Association, 228 Gray's Inn Rd., London, W.C.1.

MEDICAL Secretaries Agency has vacancies. Shorthand usually essential. No fees. Please call, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUNter 9951.

SHORTHAND-Typists required for Child Guidance Clinic. Salary according to age on Grade A2 scale, rising by annual increments to maximum of £515 p.a., plus £30 London Weighting. Applications, stating age, experience and the names of two referees, to the Hospital Secretary, London Jewish Hospital, Stepney Green, E.1.

COMPETENT secretary with good speeds wanted urgently in Quaker international work camps office. Friends Service Council, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

OFFICE Secretary reqd. by Student Christian Movement. Expd. in sh. typng., supervision staff & gen. office routine. Apply: Gen. Sec., 2 West Heath Ave., N.W.11.

RESIDENT matron (not necessarily S.R.N.) required at home for 25 old people in London. Accommodation is available for matron's husband. Box 880.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

YOUNG shorthand-typist for art-publisher's showroom. Apply in writing Ganymed Press, 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1.

SOLICITOR, near Ilford, Essex, seeks competent Secretary, preferably with experience of lawyer's work. Good wages and prospects. Box 935.

PERSONAL Assistant/Secretary required by the Chairman of Mayfair Public Relations consultants. Highly responsible and interesting position. Please write giving full details and salary reqd. to Box 1091.

FABIAN Society requires Secretary/Shorthand-Typist. Interesting work, five-day week. £6 12s. 6d. p.w. Congenial colleagues and four weeks' holiday help to compensate for salary. Write to General Secretary, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

QUALITY Magazine publishers in London require shorthand-typist. Interesting & varied work. Prospects. Box 1063.

EFFICIENT, intelligent housekeeper required take charge writer's (f.) Ealing maisonette and 8-yr.-old son from April. No objection mother with boy approx. same age. PER. 7512. Box 1015.

NANNY required for boy 22 months and two girls, 6, 8, at day school. Parents both writers. Common sense more important than training, but experience and good reference essential. Mortimer, 23 Harben Road, N.W.6. PRI. 4937.

WORK in Switzerland or Canada! General Domestics required for posts in attractive homes. Excellent conditions and good salary to serious persons. Pref. some know. German. Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

TRY the West End Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. GERrard 2848 (3 lines).

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

GLAMOROUS secretaries are all very well, but the busy director or manager of an engineering concern needs a young personal assistant with initiative and suitable background to relieve him of tedious interviews, correspondence and the many details that keep him from golf and other important business. Such a young man may be contacted through Box 826.

CONFERENCE & Cttee. reporters, duplctg. specialists &c. ARC 1765/MOU 1701.

TWO young ladies, 3-year Domestic Science Diploma, require interesting posts. Anything considered. Box 951.

INTELL. woman over 40, languages, gd. typist, some shorthand, sks. post where ability work own initiative is more appreciated than high speeds. 5-day week. Box 961.

ABLE administrator, 46, exceptional internat. experience social welfare, rehabilitation, public relations, diplomatic contacts, personnel management, etc., seeks post. Highest refs. Mod. sal. Box 998.

EDITORIAL Assistant's post sought by woman journalist. Exp. interviewing, research, organising, magazine features &c. French, Russian, Ger. Widely trav. Box 899.

FELLOWSHIPS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

ENGLISH School of Languages, La Colline, La Tour de Peilz, Vaud, Switzerland. One scholarship to the value of 1,000 Swiss Francs and two exhibitions of 500 Francs are offered for the school year 1957-8, for competition on May 8. The scholarship will be awarded to the candidate obtaining the best results in French and either German, Italian or Spanish. The exhibitions are offered to boys who reach a good standard in French and who also play a musical instrument. La Colline is an international centre for language-study, taking students of both sexes from sixth form stage onwards and specialising in preparation for university entrance, as well as catering for the non-academic student. Prospectus and entrance form from School Secy.

THE University of Leeds. The Faculties of Science, Technology and Medicine. Post-graduate Scholarships. Applications are invited for not more than three Post-graduate Research Scholarships tenable at the University of Leeds by graduates of other Universities. These Scholarships, each of the value of £330 a year plus fees will be tenable from October 1, 1957, for advanced study or research in the Faculties of Science, Technology and Medicine and will be renewable annually. Maximum tenure three years. Applications (including those of students who will graduate in June, 1957) should be submitted on forms obtainable from The Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2. Closing date, May 1, 1957.

RHODES University, Grahamstown, South Africa. Applications are invited by May 17, 1957, for the Hugh Le May Fellowship for 1958. The value of the Fellowship is £1,400 per annum for one year. It is tenable at Rhodes University and is intended for candidates wishing to do advanced work in one of a number of subjects in the Faculty of Arts. For further details, apply to the Registrar, Rhodes University, Grahamstown, or Sec., Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1. A. E. Shields, Registrar.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

THE "Humanist" states case for modern man (monthly 1s., ann. subs. 14s.). Send for free spec. copy and booklet "Living with Reality." R.P.A., 40, Drury Lane W.C.2.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

ORDER your copy of "Labour Review" No. 2 immediately. First issue sold out. Contents include articles on "The Manchester Guardian and the Suez Crisis"; "The Communist Party and Democratic Centralism; Inside Soviet Russia Today; The Chinese C.P. and the Hungarian Revolution; The Law of Uneven and Combined Development, and Book Reviews. Single copy 2s. 3d., post free. New Park Publications, Ltd., 266 Lavender Hill, London, S.W.11. Tel. MACaulay 7029.

AMIS' Fabian pamphlet reviewed by John Berger; Mao Tse-tung's new poems translated by Rewi Alley; "Workers' Councils" (A. F. Rothstein); "Arms and the Man" (R. P. Dutt); "Clash in Engineering" (T. Graham); Marx Family Letters. Labour Monthly, 1s. 6d. Or 9s. half-yearly from N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, N.3.

CONTENTS of March "Plebs." "Automation Invades the Office," by Helen Walker, M.B.E.; "Automation Tory Proposals," by Charles Ford; "The Sahara Desert Promises Oil," by J. P. M. Millar; "A Maker of History," by Arthur Woodburn, M.P.; "Where Marx Went Wrong," by Raymond Fletcher, W. Sykes and J. E. Walsh; "This Wicked World," by J. P. M. Millar; Pars from the Press and Reviews; "News of the Movement," etc. "Plebs" is 6d., by post 8d. or 7s. 6d. a year, from the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

THE Nation, America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3d. yearly may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

"BRILLIANT reporting," says Stanley Maxted of James Michener's book "Bridge at Andau." Moving personal stories of Hungarian youth in revolt. Not yet published, but now condensed in March "Reader's Digest." 1s. 6d.

"SCIENTIFIC World." Discussion forum for scientists of all countries. No. 1 has articles on automation in U.S.A., training of research workers in U.S.S.R., fuel problems in India, science in Brazil, etc. Published in English, French, German, Russian and Chinese. English edition available, price 8d. post paid (2s. 6d. for 4 issues), from W.F.S.W., 27 Red Lion Street, W.C.1.

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PERSONAL

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 324

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